



MAY 1939

*The American*  
**LEGION**  
*MAGAZINE*

**21<sup>ST</sup> NATIONAL  
CONVENTION**

**CHICAGO**

**SEPTEMBER  
25 to 28**





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# Something to READ

By

WINSOR  
JOSSELYN

Illustration by  
GRATTAN CONDON

"GIVE us something that a sick man can read. Something that is light to hold and easy to follow and can be destroyed afterward if need be." Remember that in the war-time hospitals?

Well, there are still sick men in veterans' hospitals. There are still the same needs as to reading materials, particularly in tuberculosis hospitals, where it isn't advisable to circulate reading material too long—as a sanitary precaution.

Books are heavy for sick men to hold, and too good to destroy by the dozen. If there only were good lively action stories—adventure, romance, thrills—such as the magazines of today abound with, put in such form that three or four stories could be given out to men at a time. . . .

There is a woman in a small California town who is putting together just such made-to-order reading material. Ever since the last months of the war she has been taking magazines apart, selecting bang-up yarns that are not too serious, and stitching together from three to a half-dozen at a time. When several pounds of such sewn-together stories are piled up, away a bundle goes by express to a tuberculosis hospital for veterans. Such bundles through the years, many bundles a year, have gone all over the West. Tucson, Arizona; Fort Bayard, New Mexico; Legion, Texas; San Fernando, California; Walla Walla, Washington; Prescott, Arizona; and the farthest point, the leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana.



This woman lives in Carmel, California. The work is a part-time hobby. She gets the magazines from neighbors, current magazines that include the *Satur-*

*day Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Short Stories*, *All Story*, and so on and on.

"I sometimes wish that my neighbors read more of *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and the like; but what they read they're interested in, and the magazines will interest other people, too," she says.

Each bundle costs from thirty to sixty cents to send. The compiler-collector-stitcher feels that there is no way she can give more pleasure to an ailing war veteran than in this manner. And pleasure likewise to herself. A reader of a great variety of books and magazines, she brings to bear on the hospital stories a mature practical judgment.

How did all this start with her?

The answer is (*Continued on page 46*)

MOTHER'S DAY  
MAY 14th



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

MAY, 1939

# The American LEGION MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS

<b>COVER DESIGN</b>	
By GRATTAN CONDON	
<b>SOMETHING TO READ</b>	1
By WINSOR JOSSELYN	
Illustration by Grattan Condon	
<b>THE INSIDE CURVE</b>	4
By AUBREY B. GRANTHAM	
Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks	
<b>A GAMBLE WE CAN'T TAKE</b>	8
By GENERAL H. H. ARNOLD	
<b>OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS</b>	10
By ROGER SHERMAN HOAR	
Cartoon by John Cassel	
<b>WE DARE BE FREE</b>	12
By STEPHEN F. CHADWICK	
Drawing by Dan Content	
<b>OUR NUMBER 1 GAME</b>	14
By CONNIE MACK	
<b>DAUGHTERS OF VALOR</b>	16
By ROBERT GINSBURGH	
<b>PRINCESS MIMI</b>	18
By CLIFTON HICKOK	
Illustrations by George Shanks	
<b>CHILDISH THINGS</b>	22
By GLEN R. HILLIS	
<b>BULWARKS OF DEMOCRACY</b>	24
By HAYES KENNEDY	
<b>A RUNNER UP</b>	26
By WALLGREN	
<b>EDITORIAL: ON A WAR REFERENDUM</b>	27
<b>BACK TO THE FAITH</b>	28
By BOYD B. STUTLER	
<b>THE CURTAIN RISES</b>	32
By K. R. BOWEN and R. P. BREWER	
<b>BETWEEN THE CROSSES</b>	34
By JOHN J. NOLL	
<b>FRONT AND CENTER</b>	38
<b>BURSTS AND DUDS</b>	64
Conducted by DAN SOWERS	

## IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 53.

THE editors are happy to welcome Connie Mack to the pages of the magazine. He has been a staunch friend of the Legion's Junior Baseball Program over the years. Born Cornelius McGillicuddy, his name was perforce shortened by the typesetters when they encountered it in setting up their box scores. So Connie Mack it has been over the years. In victory or defeat the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics has been the best type of American sportsman, an ornament to our greatest game. When the leaders of baseball gather at Cooperstown, New York, on June 12th to commemorate one hundred years of the National Game he will be the eldest of the game's elder statesmen in attendance.

And the Philadelphia American League team has never had another manager since it started in 1901, which is astonishing considering the mortality of baseball managers as such. The nearest to Connie in long tenure with a single major league club is Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees in the American League. Joe has been running this club since 1931, when Connie was beginning his thirty-first year as Philadelphia helmsman.

On page 56 is shown the list of players whose names are engrossed as baseball's immortals in the National Baseball Museum at Cooperstown. Heading that list is Ty Cobb, a Legionnaire whose exploits on the playing field will seem to our children and grandchildren almost fantastic. We who have lived in the Cobb period remember them vividly. Connie Mack was a great catcher, but he gets his place on the immortals' roster by virtue of his managerial

ability, as does the late John McGraw of the New York Nationals, Mack's great rival. Of the seventeen men now on the roster, none but these two completed the circuit in that manner. The late Morgan G. Bulkeley, who was Governor of Connecticut, United States Senator from that State and President of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, gets on because he was the first President of the National League. Two of his sons saw service in France in 1917 and 1918. Byron Bancroft Johnson is of course Ban Johnson, whose monument is the American League—he put it together, kept it alive, made it click. The rest of the group served the game as players. George Wright was a member of the Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869 and later years, who were baseball's first play-for-pay team. Wright played shortstop and in addition to making the first double play in history had a batting average of .518 in 1869, the Red Stockings' best season, when they won 55 and had one tie game. Of the other twelve players nine were American Leaguers, three saw service with National League teams. So far no catcher has been chosen, and no third baseman.

ALMOST as a coincidence, all of the contributors to this number of the magazine except Mr. Mack are Legionnaires.

ANOTHER reminder of a red letter occasion—the Twenty-First Annual National Convention of The American Legion will be held at Chicago, in the Department of Illinois, on September 25, 26, 27, 28 next.

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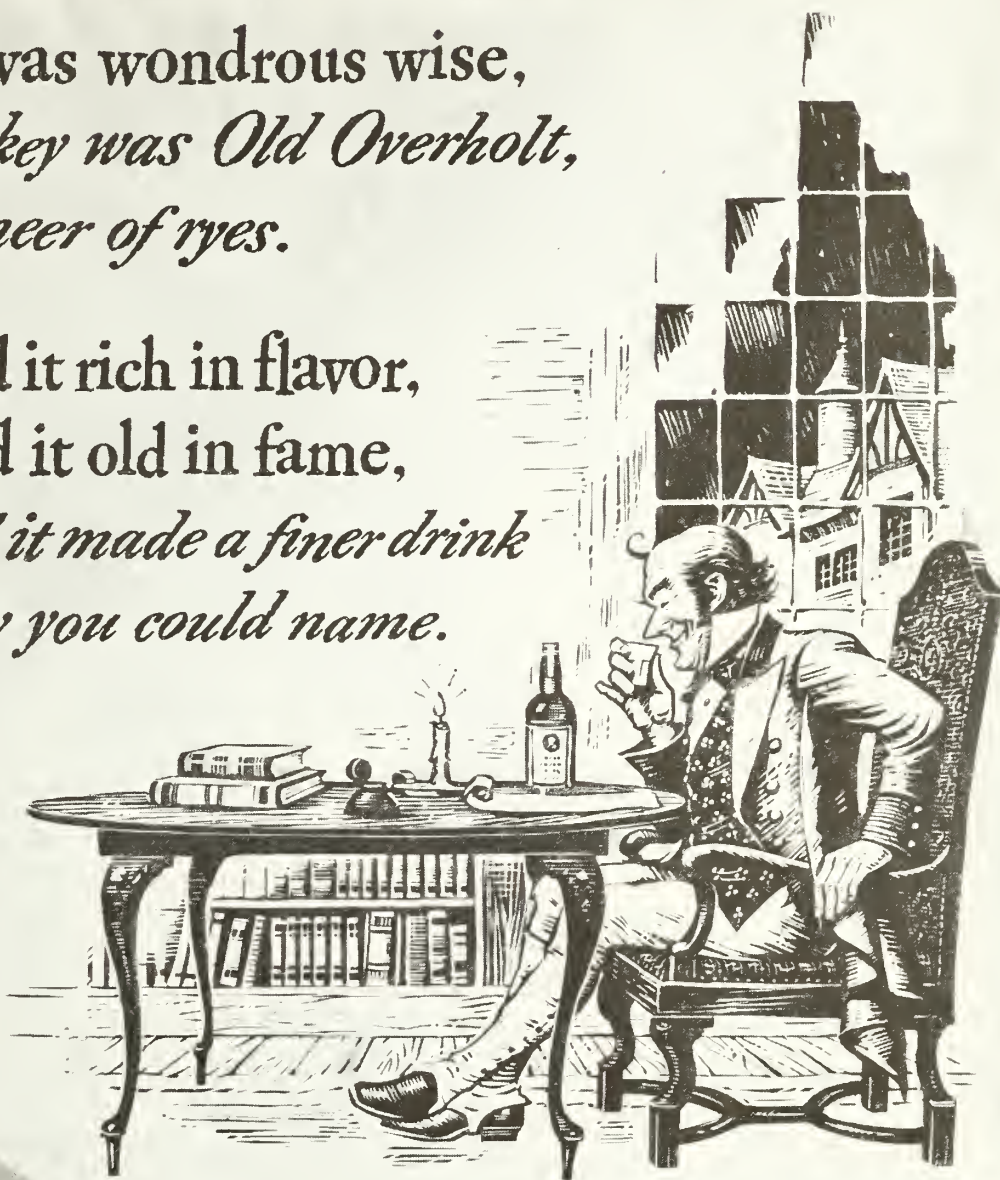
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*There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise,  
His whiskey was Old Overholt,  
The pioneer of ryes.*

*He found it rich in flavor,  
He found it old in fame,  
And said it made a finer drink  
Than any you could name.*



"Wondrous wise" indeed is the man who calls for Old Overholt at his favorite bar or club, and serves it to his guests. For Old Overholt is rye at its unsurpassed best, rich and distinctive in flavor, and U. S. bottled in bond. Only a truly great whiskey could live as long as Old Overholt has lived—129 years. And no whiskey of comparable excellence is as modestly priced as is this pioneer of Pennsylvania straight ryes today.



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So rich and full-bodied is Old Overholt that you can pour less and get fine, full-flavored drinks.



# The INSIDE

SECOND  
PRIZE WINNER  
*in*  
THE AMERICAN  
LEGION MAGAZINE  
\$1500 PRIZE  
CONTEST

*By*

AUBREY  
B. GRANTHAM

A WHITE arrow leaped from the darkness far ahead and stood radiant in the beam of our headlights; a gleaming arrow with a curved shaft that pointed its head horizontally to the right. I could feel the car slowly losing momentum as Doug Donaldson eased his foot from the gas.

"The new cut-off will start just about here and go through those woods on your right," he remarked, in explanation of the warning sign. "This is the only sharp curve left on the Pike, and we'd have eliminated it long ago if the old chap who owns that land hadn't tried to hold us up for it. Some people think more of big profits than they do of human life."

"Is it such a dangerous curve?" I inquired. In the whole afternoon's drive with Doug over the county roads I had seen few curves that were not carefully graded and marked, and those few had not struck me as being even remotely dangerous for ordinary driving.

"No, as a matter of fact, there's nothing dangerous about this curve if taken at a reasonable speed. But, its accident record is bad," he admitted, adding as an afterthought, "there's a human element in driving over which we have no technical control, so the only safe course seems to be to change the roads to meet that element's limitations."

From what I had seen that afternoon, I should say that Doug had applied that philosophy to his job after he had been elected county engineer some four years ago, and the results spoke for themselves. By the end of the second year he had succeeded in reducing the accidents on

county roads by nearly fifty percent. At this point, however, the figures seemed inclined to remain static in spite of his subsequent efforts at road improvement. It was obvious that while traffic engineering could reduce the causes of what might be called unavoidable accidents to a vanishing minimum, the elimination of avoidable accidents would always remain dependent on the human factor in driving. It had been in hopes of gathering some material for an article on this subject that I had made the trip to visit Doug, but any such material as I gathered during the preceding two days will have to be left for a very different type of article from the story I am trying to tell.

"Yes, I guess that's about the only way to handle it," I agreed, while the gleaming arrow, having flashed its warning, slid silently by into the darkness. "At least until you discover the extent of the limitations and plot them on a chart."

A red tail-light glowed in the distance as we approached the curve, and our headlights outlined the form of a motorcycle parked behind a small sedan that was turned with its right rear wheel off the pavement. A state trooper stood beside the car playing the beam of his flashlight over its battered body. It was certain that whoever was inside must be in bad shape. Doug brought his car to a stop behind the motorcycle, and we both hurried forward.

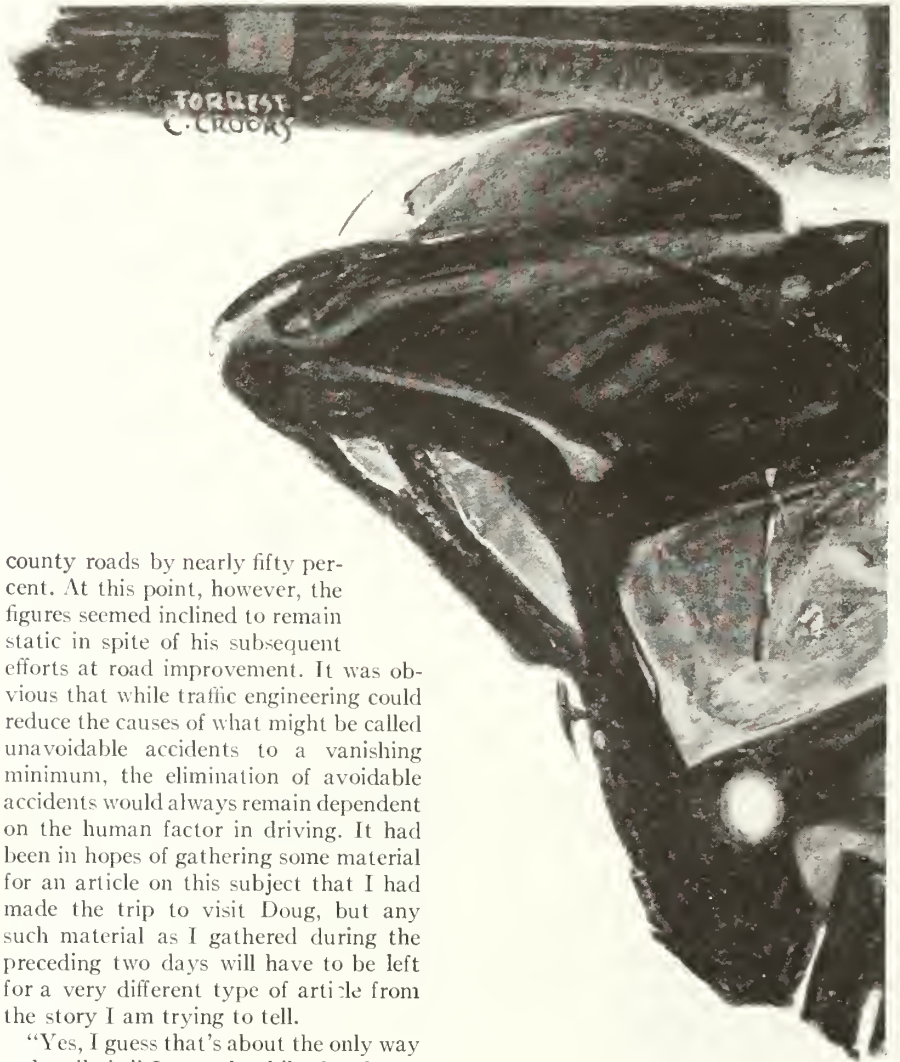
"Hello, Mr. Donaldson," greeted the trooper. "Did you meet any car on your end of the Pike that had its front stove in? The car that hit this one must be pretty well mugged up."

"No, we haven't met anything since we turned onto the Pike," replied Doug. "Met a couple of cars and a van on the Post Road, but none of them showed

signs of having been in a collision. Anybody hurt? Can we be of any help?"

"This driver's dead. Guess his back's broken. I'll be back in a minute, after I stick out a flare around the curve so some guy in a hurry won't pile into us." He strode back to his motorcycle and started off.

Doug and I turned our attention to the wrecked sedan, which now stood silhouetted in the beam of our headlights, with one of its parking lights giving off a faint gleam of light. The front was crushed in as though it had been struck by a battering ram. The dead body of the driver, the sole occupant of the car, sat in a slumped position, jammed behind the steering post, with the broken wheel transfixing his chest. Water was slowly dripping from the twisted radiator, and the torn left fender stuck grotesquely upward as though trying to ward off a blow. The wreck stood on the right side of the





# CURVE

Illustrations  
by  
FORREST C. CROOKS



The smashed front indicated that whoever was inside must be in bad shape

on the screeded surface of the pavement.

"Then the car that hit it must have been burning up the road," I asserted.

"Even if it did manage to limp away, that car should be easy to find.

Its head must resemble the front end of a bull pup. How long ago would you say this accident occurred?"

"Hard to say exactly until the coroner finds out how long the driver's been dead. It's after midnight now, and since there's very little traffic on this road after the movie crowd goes home, the chances are that nobody's passed since it happened,"

replied Doug. "Well, here comes Martin back; he made good time."

He introduced me to Martin as a newspaper friend who was on the lookout for material.

"You'll find plenty of it on the roads any clear night," the officer volunteered grimly, as he acknowledged the introduction and began a businesslike examination of the wrecked car and its contents.

"Why did he specify a *clear* night?" I asked my companion, who had resumed his examination of the road surface around the car.

"Oh, that has to do with the human factor we were discussing," he replied.

"There may be more collisions in bad weather, but fog and rain make most drivers cautious, and few such accidents are fatal. Drivers get careless when visibility is good—until it's suddenly cut off short at a curve."

"This guy's driving with an Illinois operator's license in a car with New

pavement at the point where the road began to turn, and just beyond a reflector sign that admonished drivers to keep in line and not pass on the curve.

"This car was either parked or proceeding very slowly when it was struck," observed Doug, after hunting with the beam of his flashlight for marks of rubber



York plates," volunteered Martin laconically over his shoulder, as he finally stepped back and surveyed the wreck. "We'll need a blow torch to get his body out. Would you mind sticking around a couple of minutes, Mr. Donaldson, while I get to a phone?"

"Not at all," Doug replied. "I want to have a look over the road a bit, and see whether I can dope out how this thing happened. I'll keep an eye on things while you're gone."

"Okay, then I'll get going," said Martin, swinging his leg across his motorcycle. "The other guy can't have got far. I passed this spot myself about half an hour ago, and only went to the end of the Pike."

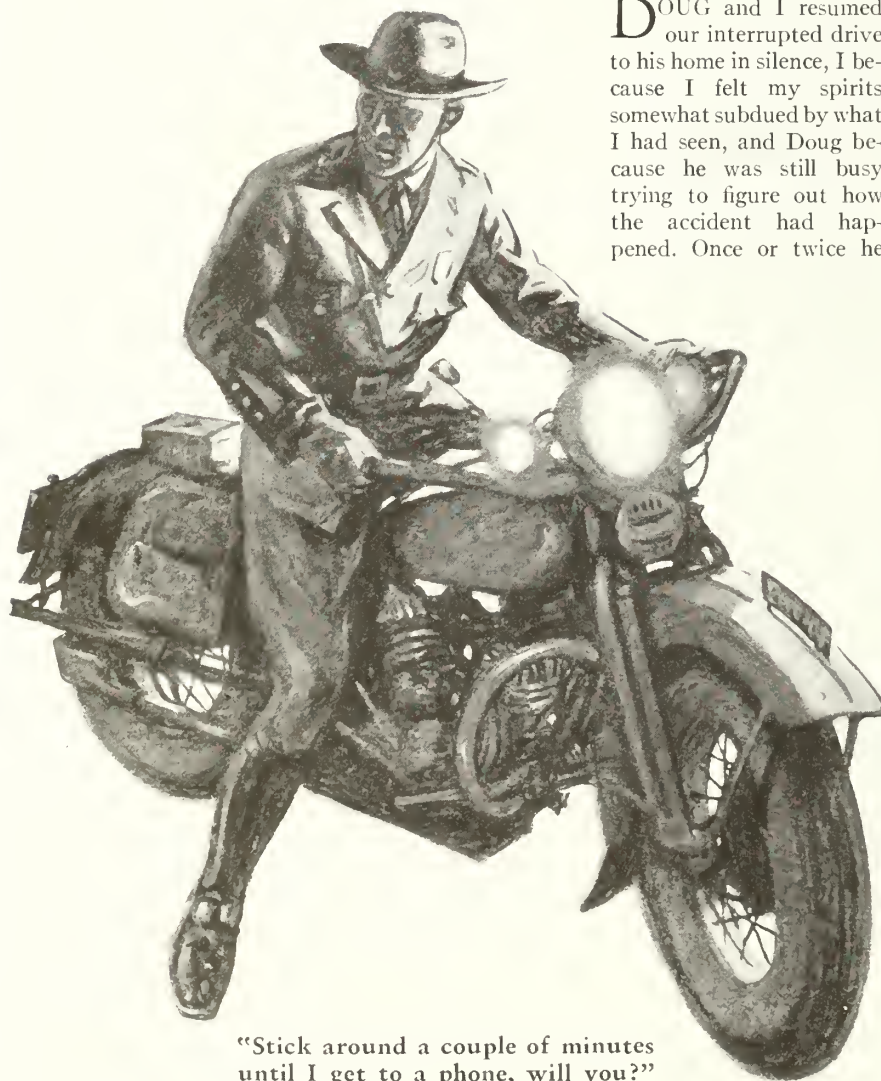
After the officer had gone, Doug walked close to the sedan and threw the beam of his flashlight on the dead man's face, then felt his shoulder. I got one glimpse of that distorted, blood-stained face with its popping eyes, and that one glance was enough. I've seen plenty of dead men in my time, and they're never pleasant to gaze on; the expression on that face was inscribed horror. I turned abruptly away and followed my companion across the road.

"This part of the road's been down about ten years," he remarked, again

playing his flashlight on the pavement, "but it was a good cement job and, while it should have more pitch, the traction surface is still in good condition. It's dangerous only for high speed driving."

Although we examined almost every foot of the pavement on the curve, we could discover no tire marks indicating that a car had skidded on its surface. All visible tracks followed the curve of the road, which was divided in the center by a wide white line. We had barely completed our inspection of the road when Martin returned, and a few minutes later a police emergency car and an ambulance came speeding up the Pike. All of these proceedings are probably the usual prompt police routine work in connection with such road accidents, but they impressed themselves on my memory because I was not familiar with sudden death on the highway. The ambulance, I surmised, would take the body to a morgue, where it would await identification, and the emergency crew would move the wrecked car off the pavement and, after sweeping up the broken glass, leave it for a more thorough examination in the morning. After all, this was only one of those accidents that take a toll of some thirty-odd thousand active American lives every year.

DOUG and I resumed our interrupted drive to his home in silence, I because I felt my spirits somewhat subdued by what I had seen, and Doug because he was still busy trying to figure out how the accident had happened. Once or twice he



"Stick around a couple of minutes until I get to a phone, will you?"

shook his head as though he were discarding some unsatisfactory theory.

"No, Bill," he exclaimed finally, as we reached his house and turned in at the driveway, "it just doesn't seem to check at all. I believe I know that old curve so well that I could plot it without a map, but I can't dope out how a collision such as that sedan has been in could have occurred."

"Maybe it's one of those accidents into which the human factor entered so strongly that there's no logical explanation," I suggested.

"There are some things that even the human factor must bow to, and one of them is momentum," explained Doug, good naturedly. "That's one reason why I can't understand how there could have been such an accident."

"But what we saw proves that it was a grim fact," I insisted. "Say, in a few minutes you'll be trying to make me believe that I haven't seen a crushed car with a mangled driver pinned behind its wheel, simply because such an accident doesn't follow some logical rule of mechanics. What we both need right now is a good stiff drink."

"There'll be one for you just as soon as we get inside," he promised with a grin, "but I'll have to wait for mine, because I've a hunch that I've a lot more driving to do before daybreak."

When we entered Doug's library, he crossed to a small cabinet and threw open the door.

"Would you mind helping yourself, Bill?" he asked, pointing to the well-stocked interior before turning to pick up the telephone on his desk. In a few minutes he was in conversation with some one at police headquarters, and while I mixed my drink I could hear, in this quiet room, the clear voice at the other end of the wire.

"Yes, I know about the wreck at Stayman's Corner on the Valley Pike," Doug was telling the police chief. "I saw it on my way home from the club. But, I called up to tell you that I also met a big van, near the Pike crossing, on the Post Road, that might warrant an investigation. It was wearing Illinois plates and had two men on the seat with the driver."

"What makes you think it was involved? Were its fenders crumpled up?" the chief was asking.

"No, it didn't appear to have a mark on it. In fact, it looked as though it had had a new blue paint job. But, just the same, I think you'd better send out a hurry call for it, then call me back. Now, I'll get off your wire, but I'll wait here and tell you later why I feel sure the driver of that van is the man you want. So long, Steve."

He hung up the receiver, and turned to a low cabinet under one of the bookcases that lined one side of the room.

"Just take a look at this," he invited, laying a large portfolio on his desk, and thumbing through some maps until he





**He made them come out of the van with their hands up**

found one showing the curve on which the wrecked sedan stood.

"This," he continued, "is an accident diagram of that curve. The dotted lines show possible danger spots for cars traveling at high speeds, and the stars indicate points where accidents have occurred. These marginal notes give specific data that we've gathered concerning each accident. Now, note that the spot where that wreck stood is perfectly clear on the diagram," he concluded, placing a pencil cross on that point in the eastbound lane.

"That's so," I agreed, "all the accidents on that side of the road appear to have occurred further around the curve. Why is that?"

"Momentum due to speed too high for that curve," he explained, "and that's what makes this diagram interesting at the moment. That sedan was traveling east on the inside lane about here. Now, these stars ahead of it, further around the curve, indicate accidents where west-

bound cars cut the corner and collided with cars on the eastbound lanes. These stars beyond the curve on the other side of the road indicate accidents that were the result of cars traveling too fast on the eastbound lane, that swung over into oncoming traffic in the westbound outer lanes. The stars off the road tell their own story."

"I can read that. Those cars were traveling so fast that they failed to negotiate the curve at all," I put in. "But, why couldn't an accident happen where the sedan stood?"

"Because no westbound car or truck that was traveling fast enough to do the damage we saw on that sedan could have got over to the spot where it stood. Why, that spot on the inside lane is about the safest place on the curve. Incidentally, it's a safe place to meet any car that's racing around a curve, because, even if

its driver cuts the corner close, centrifugal force will keep him clear of you."

"I must remember that, but how do you know how fast the other car's coming?" I inquired.

"Oh, estimating the speed of cars you're meeting is just a matter of practice," assured Doug. "You measure it in time, not distance. Just try to mentally pick the spots where you'll meet specific cars on the road, and see how soon you'll become expert at it. Then you just regulate your own speed to meet them at spots you consider safe."

"You bet I'll try it. If one got good at picking safe spots to meet or pass other cars, he wouldn't have to worry about what happens on the bad spots."

"That's about the size of it, and he'd also be well on his way toward becoming a safety-conscious driver," replied Doug, filling his pipe. "Furthermore, he'd be helping to do something that's beyond us in reducing the number of avoidable accidents."

*(Continued on page 48)*



# A GAMBLE WE CAN'T TAKE

*By*

**MAJOR GENERAL  
H. H. ARNOLD**

*Chief of the*  
**UNITED STATES ARMY  
AIR CORPS**

**T**HE one man in the United States who is better informed upon world conditions than anyone else in the nation—the one man who is better informed upon the effect which conditions abroad will have upon the citizens of this nation, last January made the following statement concerning our defenses:

What needs to be emphasized is the great change which has come over conflicts between nations since the World

Planes of the 34th  
Pursuit Squadron of  
the Army flying in  
tactical formation



University of Miami aviation students getting instruction, under balmy Florida skies, on the intricacies of airplane motors

War ended, and especially during the past five or six years.

Therefore, it has become necessary for every American to restudy present de-

fense against the possibilities of present offense against us.

Military aviation is increasing today at an unprecedented and alarming rate.

Increased range, increased speed, increased capacity of airplanes abroad have changed our requirements for defensive aviation.

The above is quoted from the message of the President of the United States to the present Congress. He, as Commander-in-Chief of our military forces—both Army and Navy—always has available the advice of the best brains of the nation and is certainly in the best position to evaluate the military needs of the nation.

The President said in the same message:

In the case of the Army, information from other nations leads us to believe that there must be a complete revision of our estimates for aircraft. The Baker Board report of a few years ago is completely out of date. No responsible



**A flying cadet demonstrates the best method of "spilling" the air from the parachute, to prevent being dragged**

officer advocates building our air forces up to the total either of planes on hand or of the productive capacity equal to the forces of certain other nations. We are thinking in the terms of necessary defenses and the conclusion is inevitable that our existing forces are so utterly inadequate that they must be immediately strengthened.

It is proposed that \$300,000,000 be appropriated for the purchase of several types of airplanes for the Army.

That was the first broad outline of the President's new air program. The details of that air program which the War Department presented to Congress are interesting.

The allotment of over \$170,000,000 of that sum for the procurement of new military airplanes was proposed. This will provide more than 3,000 additional modern planes of which considerably more than 1600 will be of the latest combat types. This will give our Army a total strength well in excess of 5,500 planes.

It is proposed to devote about \$33,000,000 of this fund for the provision of

on experimentation and research, which will bring the total expenditure for the year on that vital phase of air defense to about \$12,000,000, the minimum which will provide a good start toward parity with other leading nations of the world and assure that we keep abreast in the development of the most efficient types.

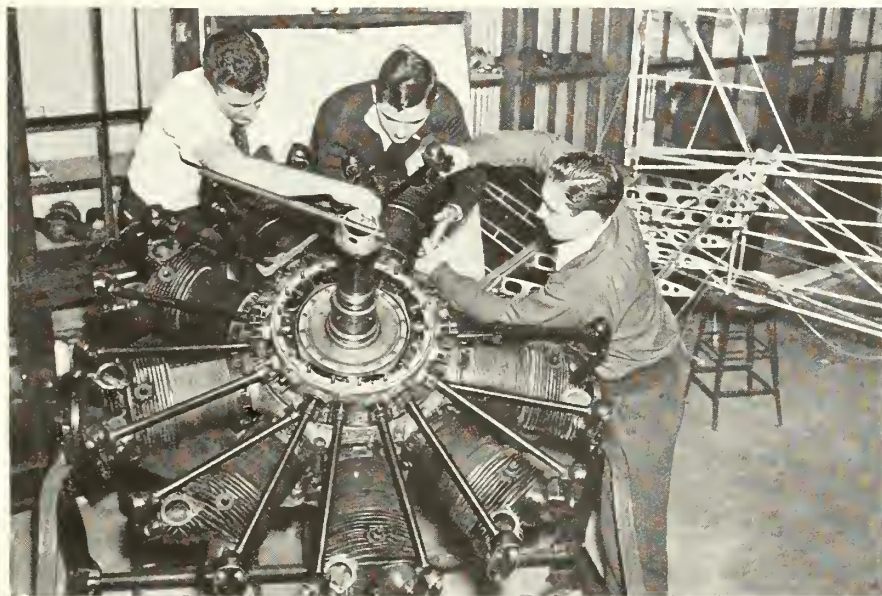
Enough of the \$300,000,000 will be

combat and maintenance crews to operate and maintain those planes, ample air bases to operate them, schools to train pilots and mechanics and factories to turn out aircraft in quantities necessary to meet war needs. The whole program has been predicated wisely and soundly on this formula. The number of planes, in so far as funds allow, will be increased, but enough of those funds must be reserved to provide the men and bases to match that increase in plane strength. No other program could be as sound; no other program would justify the expenditure; no other program would give the Army Air Corps what all so ardently desire—a well-rounded, well-balanced and adequate air defense.

Experience and observation agree with the findings of Dr. Gallup of the Institute of Public Opinion, whose polls are familiar to all of us. Fully ninety percent of the American people see the need for and will support an increase in their air defenses. But history seldom records a unanimous opinion throughout a country as large as this, and so it is found that some, for political or other reasons, because they have personal axes to grind or because they have not read aright the world scene, are objecting to the building up of the air force.

One of these objections most frequently stated has been as follows: "What is the sudden emergency; who is the new enemy we fear; who is about to attack us; why should we all at once double our air force?"

Here is the answer: This increase is not proposed because of the immediate prospect of our having to fight any particular nation. It is not that there is fear of immediate attack from any one quarter today. This increase in our air force is recommended now because of the recent alarming emphasis on air armament the world over. When other nations put 16-inch guns on their battleships, we were forced to put (Continued on page 46)



**An aero-radial engine is fearfully and wonderfully made, but after months of pulling them apart and putting them together again an aviatric student knows all the answers**

additional personnel in order that there may be combat and maintenance crews and operating and directing personnel essential to make these new planes effective military weapons. This sum will provide for bringing into service additional officers and additional men, so that ultimately the Army Air Corps will have a total strength of more than 4,000 officers and 45,000 men.

It is proposed to devote about \$3,000,000 of this fund for increased emphasis

devoted to the enlargement of existing air bases to accommodate the new planes and additional personnel, and to give five new air bases, two in the continental limits of the United States, one in Alaska, one in Puerto Rico, and an additional one in Panama.

It has been said many times and it cannot be emphasized too strongly that airplanes alone, even of superior type, do not make an effective air force. There must be adequate personnel—trained



# Out of THEIR OWN MOUTHS

FREEDOM of speech, freedom of the press, the right of assembly—these are the cornerstones of American Liberty. And The American Legion, pledged as it is “to uphold the Constitution of the United States,” and “to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy,” has a vital stake in the preservation of these fundamental rights.

We, who fought “to make the world safe for democracy,” and who today find that America is about the only place in the world where democracy is even reasonably safe, must be always on the alert “to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses.” To this end we should ally ourselves with all organizations which are sincerely interested in preserving civil rights.

THE American Civil Liberties Union purports to be such an organization. Let us put aside for the moment the fact that its Director, Roger Nash Baldwin, a former I. W. W. agitator, served time in jail for draft-dodging during the World War, and hence recently accused the Legion of being the American fascist. Let us bury the past and see if we cannot make common cause with Mr. Baldwin's movement.

The stated objects of the American Civil Liberties Union are too long and involved to reprint here, but the following excerpts will give a good idea of their splendid expressed purpose:

We stand on the general principle that all matters of public concern should be freely discussed without interference. . . . The principle of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, embodied in our constitutional law, must be constantly reasserted and applied to be made effective. . . . There should be no control whatever in advance over what any person may say. . . . Printed matter should never be subject to a political censorship. . . . Meetings in public places, demonstrations at public offices, parades and processions should be freely permitted. . . . Policing of strikes is a public function. . . . Every person charged with an offense should have the fullest opportunity for a fair trial, and for obtaining counsel and bail in a reasonable sum. . . .

Not so far from our own objects!

Roger Baldwin has frequently found it necessary to write letters to the newspapers explaining the stand of his Union. I quote from one such letter—they all run about the same:

By

ROGER SHERMAN  
HOAR

Cartoon by  
JOHN CASSEL

★

## THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION AS A SHIELD FOR THE COMMUNISTS

★ ★ ★

In your issue of . . . . . implied that the American Civil Liberties Union is communistic. The implication is untrue.

The Union, founded in 1920, is a strictly nonpartisan organization for the defense of free speech, free press and assembly. It acts on any issue in the United States, regardless of whose rights are attacked.

The charges that the Union is a ‘communist defense organization’ grow out of the easy and false assumption that those who defend communist rights must be communists at heart. By such logic, since we have defended fascists, Catholics, Ku Klux Klanners and atheists, our organization must have a chameleonlike facility in changing its faiths and convictions. The fact of the matter is that we are called upon to defend such a wide variety of movements that it would be utterly impossible to take sides with any.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, *Director*  
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, *Counsel*  
HARRY F. WARD, *Chairman*

ABOUT a year ago, Walter Lippmann in his syndicated column (New York *Herald Tribune*, December 11, 1937), accused the American Civil Liberties Union of being one-sided in its activities, and of defending only radicals.

Messrs. Ward, Hays and Baldwin promptly replied:

The rights of conservative groups, which are of course rarely attacked, always find influential defenders. They practically never appeal to the Civil

Liberties Union because they either are able to take care of themselves or find more powerful allies.

Then the three gentlemen listed the fact that they have in the past volunteered to defend the Ku Klux Klan and the nazis, and have protested against the radio censoring of Congressman Fish, Senator Wheeler, and others. They even protested against the seizure of telegrams by the Black Senatorial Committee. But they admitted not having objected to the suppression of free speech by the National Labor Relations Board, for they claimed that free speech in that case was only a camouflage.

Mr. Lippmann swallowed their letter—hook, line and sinker—published it in full, retracted and apologized.

It must be admitted that the Civil Liberties Union has been careful to build up a good record of impartiality, but a few weak protests on behalf of harassed conservatives and liberals don't mean much when contrasted with thousands of dollars spent in the defense of subversive and even murderous radicals.

IN THE Book of Job, Chapter 31, Verse 35, Job at the height of his sufferings is reported to have said: “Oh that . . . mine adversary had written a book!”

It is always well to get one's adversaries on record. Mr. Baldwin may not have “written a book,” but he *has* written several articles which may bob up to plague him. In his autobiographical sketch in the sixth report of his college class, in 1930, he stated:

During these years I became interested in the more radical programs for reorganizing society, finding myself in agreement with the philosophical anarchists, which I still hold. But I also became a pacifist opposed to violence in all forms.

Evidently he soon changed his views on violence, for in 1931 we find him testifying before the Congressional Committee to Investigate Communism (71st Cong., 3d Sess., Report No. 2290, p. 56):

THE CHAIRMAN. Does your organization uphold the right of a citizen or alien—it does not make any difference which—to advocate murder?

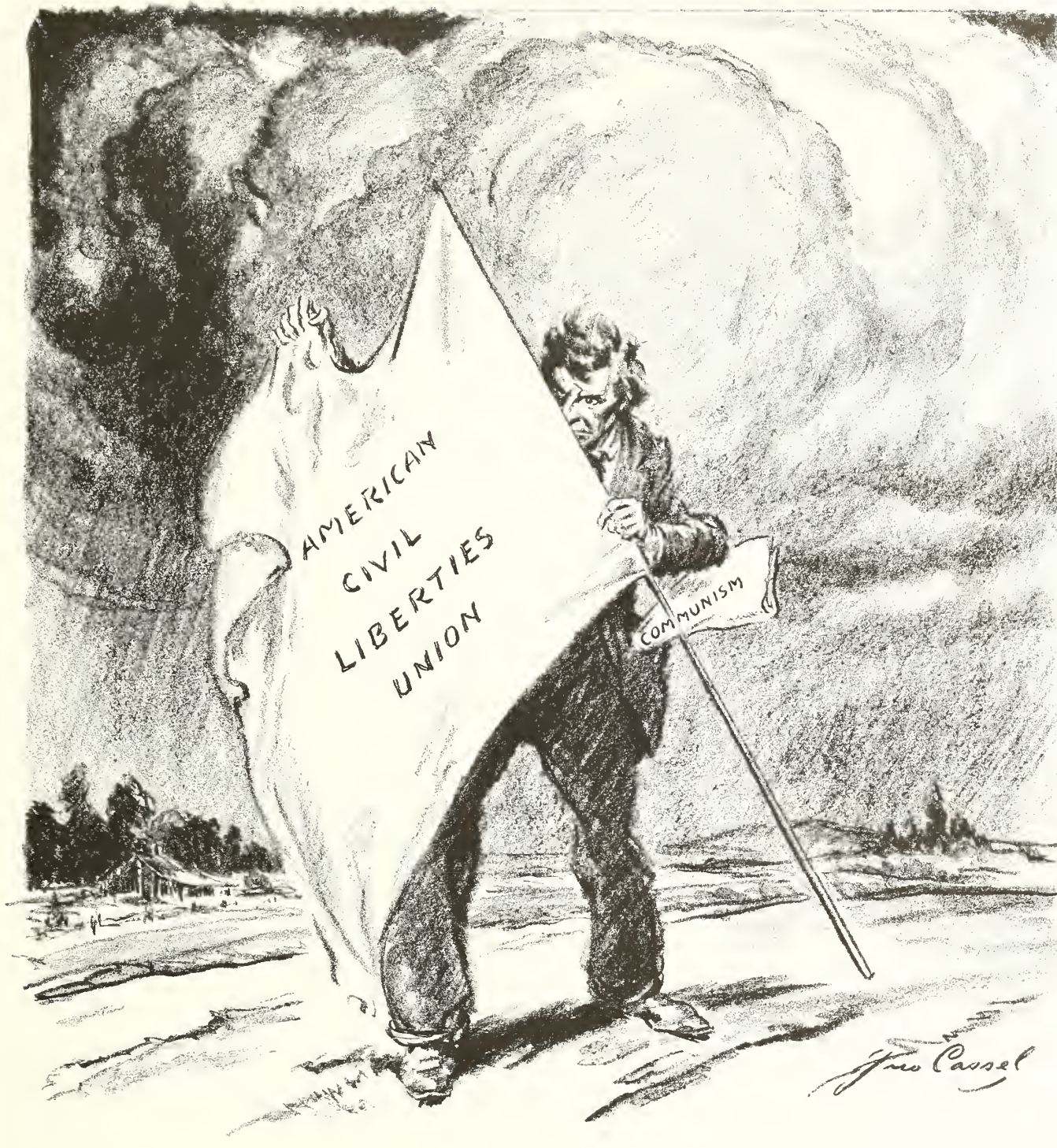
MR. BALDWIN. Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN. Or assassination?

MR. BALDWIN. Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does your organization





*Strange is it not that of the myriads who  
Behind that banner dodge when brought to view,  
So few are found who hate the Moscow way,  
And fewer still who love the Red-White-Blue?*

uphold the  
right of an  
American citi-  
zen to advocate  
force and violence

for the overthrow  
of the Government?

MR. BALDWIN. Certainly; in so far as  
mere advocacy is con-  
cerned.

THE CHAIRMAN. Does it uphold the  
right of an alien in this  
country to urge the  
overthrow and advoca-  
te the overthrow of  
the Government by  
force and violence?

MR. BALDWIN. Precisely on the same  
basis as any citizen.

THE CHAIRMAN. You do uphold the  
right of an alien to ad-  
vocate the overthrow  
of the Government by  
force and violence?

MR. BALDWIN. Sure; certainly. It is  
the healthiest kind of  
thing for a country, of  
course, to have free  
speech—unlimited.

And in his autobiography in the  
seventh report of his college class, in  
1935, he said:

I have continued directing the  
unpopular fight for the rights of  
agitation, as Director of The  
American Civil Liberties Union;

... I am for socialism, disarmament and ultimately for abolishing the  
State itself as an instrument of violence  
and compulsion. I seek social ownership  
of property, the abolition of the proper-  
tied class and sole control by those who  
produce wealth. Communism is the goal.

Of course, all this merely damns Mr.  
Baldwin personally, rather than the  
organization which he directs; although  
it requires considerable mental gym-  
nastics to dissociate the two. So let us  
mention briefly a couple of instances of  
attempted

(Continued on page 42)



# WE DARE BE FREE

IF THERE is one thing that distinguishes true Americanism it is a desire to walk in the ways of justice, tolerance and peace, at all times squaring our actions by that "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" which the Signers of the Declaration of Independence held so necessary to the success of the nation they were launching on its career. We who are the heirs of their great adventure in democracy thank God for the determination of the fathers of the Revolution to fight injustice and oppression, and pledge ourselves anew to their aims and ideals.

As I write this there is again the sound of nations in commotion in Europe, with armies on the march and with civilian populations in abject terror waiting for whatever the morrow may bring forth. In half the world might has become the master of right, exalting

the simple plan,  
That they should take who have  
the power,  
And they should keep who can.

Once again it becomes apparent that the broad oceans which separate us from the old continents are an insurance policy of peace for us and for our neighbors to the north and south of us. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the peoples of the old world, for in hardly a country from the British Isles through to Japan can men be certain that stark ruin will not overwhelm them in the coming days. But it would be folly for us to inject ourselves into that welter of hates which goes back a thousand years.

Man's inventive genius has dramatically contracted the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and it has been our good fortune to realize before war engulfed us that isolation is no longer a fact for us. As of today our air, sea and land forces are capable of warding off any conceivable attack across either ocean, but tomorrow is another day, and it is good to know that steps are being taken by the various establishments to keep our offensive and defensive strength more than adequate to the strain that may be put upon them. We dare not risk even the smallest chance in our scheme of national defense.

The American Legion is proud to have been in the forefront of the endeavor to give our people the protection from outside attack to which they are entitled. That battle is in process of being won, for events across the seas have so highlighted the situation that even the communists in our midst have seen the light and are screaming for "collective security" against the nazi and fascist brands

*By*

STEPHEN  
F. CHADWICK

*National Commander*  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

*Drawing by*  
DAN CONTENT

of totalitarianism. Collective security to a communist or one of their fellow travelers means a universal blood purge, followed by a world-wide "dictatorship of the proletariat" having its center in Moscow.

But the American people are not going to be taken in by that specious plea. We remember how the same people tried to embroil us in the Spanish civil war, and how under their auspices hundreds of misguided and subverted American youngsters lost their lives. Our defense must be always for America and for the liberties of our people, a defense for peace. We can walk the way of peace alone if need be.

"Collective security" that would tie us to the soviet philosophy would be indeed the kiss of death to all we hold dear.

THERE are problems aplenty for us to solve right here at home, without venturing forth to fight other nations' battles. I have mentioned the continuing fight for an adequate and realistic national defense. As a part of our contribution to that great end it is vitally necessary that we Americans defeat the Ludlow and other measures which would take from Congress the power to declare war and rest the decision in a referendum of the whole American people. Just at this time when we must be united as never before to withstand the power of swollen Little Caesars who hate us and aim to destroy us, this proposal again raises its unthinking and sentimental head. I ask you, men and women of the Legion and its associated bodies, to let your Congressmen and Senators know that you regard these referendum proposals as a stab in the back of our beloved country, an unreasoning surrender of the protection of the liberties designed for us by our fathers.

The dictators have taken a leaf out of the book of ancient tyrants with their policy of divide-and-rule. They have

got away with it in Central Europe. Minions of the two opposing totalitarian philosophies would love to see us shatter our will to defense in war referendum follies. Each side hopes that the type of government which has made us a great and a free people will be incapable of functioning when attack from without is coupled with carefully-built-up clamor from within. Again let me emphasize the importance of killing the war referendum nonsense.

Within our borders are peoples of every race and clime, for America has been for three hundred years a haven for the liberty-loving, yet oppressed peoples of all lands. So long as we had a wilderness to conquer all were welcome, if they were but men of good will. But today, with some thirteen millions of our countrymen out of work, it is only common sense that we close our borders to immigration for at least ten years, or until such time as every American who desires work may find it. Our first duty is to our own people, and while we may hesitate to put restrictions on aliens holding jobs that citizens could fill we should at least not swell the ranks of our idle by bringing in outsiders and giving them jobs. A ten-year ban on immigration would also allow the normal educational processes of Americanism to work in and through those elements of our population which are inclined to listen to the siren songs of totalitarianism.

With a ban on immigration we should also have a law requiring all aliens in our midst to take out citizenship papers within a reasonable time after they have become eligible. Failure to accept the responsibility of citizenship within the designated period should then be sufficient cause for deportation. Such a law might not end hyphenism in the United States, but it would save us from such official fumbling as has been manifested in the Government's handling of the notorious Harry Bridges case, and would go a long way toward solving some of our pressing problems in the relations of capital and labor.

George Washington, with foresight such as few men possess, declared, "The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people." The American Legion, with twenty years of peacetime service following the wartime service that brought it into being, calls upon its fellow citizens to consecrate themselves anew to the task of making this nation such a





**"THAT ALL PEOPLES MAY TAKE HEART, AND VISION THE DAY WHEN  
JUSTICE, FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY SHALL COVER THE EARTH"**

bulwark of the right that all peoples  
everywhere may take heart, and vision  
the day when justice, freedom and  
democracy shall cover the earth.

\* I vow to thee, my country—all  
earthly things above—

Entire and whole and perfect, the  
service of my love,  
The love that asks no questions: the  
love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest  
and the best:

The love that never falters, the love  
that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the  
final sacrifice.

\* By Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. Written January 12,  
1918, when he relinquished the post of British  
Ambassador to the United States.



# OUR Number 1 GAME

*By Connie Mack*

**C**ONNIE MACK is one of the titans of baseball, with nine American League pennants and five World Championships to his credit. He has a higher title to fame—by his quiet, forceful example he helped save the National Game from the hoodlums and ruffians a generation and more ago. By every test he merits the title Grand Old Man of Baseball and his place in the game's Hall of Fame

**B**ASEBALL is celebrating this year its one hundredth birthday, for sports historians generally agree that Abner Doubleday, who later was to become a general on the Union side in the Civil War, laid out the first diamond in Cooperstown, New York, in 1839. The idea of hitting a ball with a bat probably goes back almost to cave man days, but the game as we know it as a team proposition with four bases got its start a century ago. If, as the late Clare Briggs the cartoonist used to remark, "The first hundred years are the hardest," baseball as a sport, from the sandlots through school and college teams to the major leagues, will attract more and more people as it goes into its second century.

Football, golf, basketball, other sports draw crowds of hundreds of thousands over the course of their seasons, but they have never come anywhere near killing the National Game.

The American Legion's Junior Baseball program is one of the finest things in American life, because it teaches our youngsters lessons in sportsmanship, which after all is a combination of manliness and consideration for others. Those half million boys who take part in the Legion's program each year will in most

cases play very little baseball after they get to be twenty-one, but the memories of their experiences in fitting themselves into a group in team play will help them, no matter what field of work they may enter in adult life.

I was born during the Civil War in a small village in Central Massachusetts, and I can remember vividly the thrill we all had when the United States celebrated its hundred years as a nation in 1876. Now I'm having something of the same thrill of a centennial year all over again, because I regard baseball as one of the finest of our American institutions, and I'm mighty glad I've had a part in it as player and manager for nearly sixty years. The game has changed in a great many ways, all for the better, in those years, and as it is played today you couldn't want a better sport.

I've played with or against, managed or seen all the great players from the early eighties, and just to call a roll brings before my mind the men who have



**Chief Bender himself. If Mack wanted to win a particular game he always held the Indian pitcher for it**

made baseball history. Mickey Welch, Charlie Radbourne, "Ten Thousand Dollar" Kelly, Cap Anson and Amos Rusie, Ed Delehanty and Willie Keeler, Napoleon Lajoie, Jimmy and Eddie Collins, Christy Mathewson, Rube Waddell, Addie Joss and Joe McGinnity, and





Mack's \$100,000 infield that ruled the roost from around 1910 to 1914: Stuff McInnis at first; Eddie Collins, second; Jack Barry, shortstop; J. Franklin Baker, third. Collins and Barry were the spark plugs of the combination

so on down through the years to the stars of today—well, you can believe I have my memories, and most of them are sweet. Yes, I've had my downs as well as my ups—for seven straight years we were in the American League cellar, and it was a long, hard pull from 1921, the last year

we finished eighth in that particular series of years, to 1929, when we came back to win the World Championship. In 1938 we finished eighth, too, but we expect to do a lot better this year.

A major league pennant race over the years is just like any other sort of endeavor in which competition enters. If competition is the life of trade, as they always used to say, it is all that and more in baseball. A baseball team will ride the crest of the wave for a time, and then two or three or five players will begin to slip and unless the manager is awfully lucky in finding the right replacements the team dives for the bottom, and you start to think about Next Year—that's the time we'll begin to build. But the next year may find other parts of the machine breaking down, and maybe the new fellows haven't found themselves. A team that gets better year by year is a fascinating combination to

watch. When you see them getting nowhere, of course, it's discouraging. However, during those seven years when my Philadelphia Athletics finished in last place we didn't lose any money. I can't say the same thing for some of the years in which we finished further up the ladder.

I have always been interested in the team side of baseball rather than in the development of stars, but people like to talk and read about the master performers. In my opinion Ty Cobb is the greatest player baseball has produced, and I don't think it is necessary to tell members of the Legion, who were growing up when Ty was at his best, how good he was.

Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants was in my opinion the greatest pitcher ever, though if a particular game on a given day had to be won, I'd like to pick Chief Bender, who did such fine work for me in the early years of this century. If Rube Waddell had been dependable there would never have been a greater pitcher, but maybe if he'd been dependable he'd have been just another good lefthand pitcher. There are any number of baseball players who have mechanical prowess of a high order, but it is the ability to combine instinct with quick thinking that distinguishes players like Ty Cobb—or Eddie Collins or Jack Barry of my own team. Collins and Barry made a marvelous pair in play around second base, and after they quit major league play went on to make names for themselves in the equally hard game of coaching and teaching baseball. Eddie is today a vital (Continued on page 56)



Connie



## BY ROBERT GINSBURGH

**W**HILE women have played an important rôle in all of the major armed conflicts of this country even to the point of taking up the duties of soldiers in the front lines, it was not until the World War that a general call was issued by the United States Government for a mobilization of the nation's woman power for service in the Army and Navy.

In numbers alone, American women who served in 1917-18 attained the aggregate combat strength of a wartime Infantry Division—a force larger than the

women performed such valiant service in caring for the sick and wounded at Scutari. However, neither the North nor the South was prepared in 1861 to recruit women for a nursing corps in the modern sense. There were nurses in the Civil War on both sides, many of them, but their work in general was confined to diet or to the linen closet. The nursing profession was in its infancy and the doctors were not prepared to try innovations at such a critical period. Even as late as the War with Spain military doctors, in general, shared a certain scepticism concerning

tion as to their assignment and field of work, and soon Surgeon General Sternberg had a number of them on the way to Cuba.

And it was in Cuba that the first of the modern nurses became a martyr not alone to her country but to all humanity. Clara L. Maas was a young Army nurse who had volunteered to be bitten by an infected mosquito to prove to the satisfaction of the medical authorities the method of yellow fever transmission. Twelve other nurses died of typhoid fever during the War with Spain. This



whole Regular Army at the time hostilities were opened with Spain in 1898. During the World War the Army carried on its active military rolls 21,806 women. Of this number 21,480 served as nurses and the rest as field clerks, and they were carried on the rolls just as were officers and enlisted men and were subjected to the same army regulations and military discipline. The Navy, too, had its women—401 of them in the enlisted category, and 11,880 on an enroled status.

These numbers include only those women who were actually a part of the Army and Navy, and not those, equally patriotic, who served as members of welfare and service organizations.

It was in the nursing field that American womanhood played the dominant rôle during the World War. Their special aptitude for such work had been called to the attention of the military profession during the Crimean War, when Florence Nightingale and her corps of patriotic

**American nurses, led by Julia Stimson, in the great parade in Paris of July 4, 1918. Miss Stimson was Director of Nursing Service of the A.E.F. and Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps from 1919 until her retirement in 1937. Under the National Defense Act of 1920 that position carried with it the rank of major**

the value to the Army of women nurses.

"I do not approve of sending female nurses with troops in the field," said George M. Sternberg, Surgeon General of the Army during the War with Spain, a man who was regarded generally as one of the leaders in military medicine. "But I do recognize the value of trained female nurses in general hospitals," he added by way of compromise. The Government, nevertheless, made contracts with nurses for military service without any stipula-

disease at one time had on the sick list 140 of the 1563 nurses who served with the Army during that period.

Despite the hostility, indifference and even amusement with which these pioneer military nurses were greeted at first, they proved their value to the Army by the practical demonstration of their capabilities in the field, and when the military establishment was reorganized in 1901 Congress provided for a Nurse Corps directed by a superintendent. Shortly thereafter there were nurses in all of the far-flung garrisons of the United States Army from Portland, Maine, to Tientsin, China, from Cuba to the Philippine Islands, and from Alaska to the Mexican Border.

The Nurse Corps was never very large in that era. After the pacification of Cuba and the Philippine Islands its numbers dwindled to almost nothing. There were only 160 nurses on the rolls when the mobilization of more than 200,-





Jane A. Delano  
1862-1919

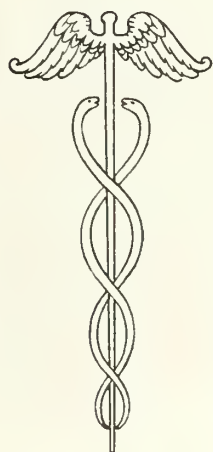
ooo Regular and National Guard troops on the Mexican Border necessitated a proportionate increase in the corps. The membership grew during the border troubles to 450. Most of the recruits were supplied by the Red Cross, which had been enrolling a reserve nurse organization for just such emergencies. Following the short period of demobilization only 403 nurses still remained in the Army on April 6, 1917, when war was declared with Germany. Of this number 180 were Regulars and the other 223 Reserves.

Around this small nucleus a force of more than 20,000 was developed during the World War. Their procurement, training and mobilization reflect the genius of the Red Cross even more than that of the War Department, and particularly that of Miss Jane A. Delano, Direc-

tor of the Department of Nursing in the latter service and a veteran of the Army as well. Miss Delano had "joined" the Army during the War with Spain and held the position of Superintendent of the Nurse Corps from 1909 to 1912, when she resigned from the military service to devote all her energies to the nursing department of the American Red Cross. She conceived the idea of a reserve corps for military and relief crises and when the call for nurses came in 1917 the Medical Department turned to her for assistance.

Overseas, nurses served wherever there were American soldiers, not only on the

# DAUGHTERS *of* VALOR



tor of the Department of Nursing in the latter service and a veteran of the Army as well. Miss Delano had "joined" the Army during the War with Spain and held the position of Superintendent of the Nurse Corps from 1909 to 1912, when she resigned from the military service to devote all her energies to the nursing department of the American Red Cross. She conceived the idea of a reserve corps for military and relief crises and when the call for nurses came in 1917 the Medical Department turned to her for assistance.

More than 87 percent of the nurses in the Army—18,732 of the 21,480 enrolled—were recruited directly through the efforts of Miss Delano. Almost one-half of them—10,061—served overseas, and their work under the most trying conditions presents a brilliant chapter in the annals of American womanhood. Miss Delano was doing brilliant work as Director of the Department of Nursing of The American Red Cross when she died at Savenay, France, on April 15, 1919. Seven all-nurses' Posts of The American Legion keep green the memory of her devotion to her country.

Two fatalities accompanied the transportation of the more than 10,000 nurses overseas. The victims were both members of Base Hospital No. 12, which sailed May 19, 1917, on the *Mongolia*. On the second day out a gun drill was to take place and all the passengers were invited to watch. Practically all those aboard, including the nurses, came out for the demonstration. A target was thrown over-

A SALUTE TO OUR COMRADES, THE 21,896 WOMEN WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY DURING THE WORLD WAR

board. The members of the gun crew rushed to their places. A projectile was shoved into the breech. The block was slammed tight. Suddenly a loud explosion followed—prematurely, before the lanyard was pulled, and a number of spectators were thrown into a heap. When the decks were cleared it was discovered that Nurses Edith Ayres and Helen B. Wood had been killed instantly and Emma Matzen had received serious flesh wounds. The ship received orders to return to New York to exchange the faulty ammunition and the nurse casualties were taken ashore. Miss Matzen was admitted to a New York hospital and recovered sufficiently to rejoin her outfit in France two months later.

The first of the nurses to see active service were the members of the six hospital units which sailed between May 8th and 24th of 1917 for duty with the British.

Despite the many hazards, there was only one Army nurse casualty at a base hospital—Eva Jean Parmelee. She was a member of Base Hospital No. 5, and was on duty the night of September 4, 1917, when her outfit was subjected to its first air raid, at Dannes Camiers. The siren at the nearby cement factory had hardly shrieked its warning when the lights, controlled by a central switchboard, were extinguished, and the loud report of an exploding bomb followed. The tent shook for a moment and seemed to collapse. Miss Parmelee was tossed into a nearby ditch and knocked unconscious. Four more explosions followed even louder than the (Continued on page 48)



Major Julia Stimson  
U.S.A. Retired





**D**R. PLATO, foot specialist, stepped pompously to the railing of his carpeted platform. He cast an appraising glance over the Saturday night crowd milling along the boardwalk. He removed his silk hat with a flourish and adjusted his long hair over the black velvet collar of his Prince Albert coat. He pulled his trousers up and his vest down, and while doing so he stole the opportunity to add a final lustre to his thirty-carat diamond ring by rubbing it briskly against a piece of chamois he had had sewed just above his hip pocket.

The venerable doctor, a figure of the nineties who had somehow managed to cheat Father Time, extended his arms as if about to bestow a benediction. He hoisted his bearded chin and boomed

forth his call: "Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Right this way, folks! Right this way!"

As if in response to a military command, everyone within hearing halted, made a right turn, and eddied toward the doctor.

Across the boardwalk Professor Gaston, trainer of circus fleas, had succeeded in coagulating around his booth a promising group of natural history enthusiasts. The professor had just completed his technical description of the genus flea, its histrionic ability, love-life and I. Q. He pulled aside the curtain concealing the miniature arena of his performing fleas and was about to usher in a gratifying crowd, when the clarion call thundered forth from the throat of Dr. Plato across the way.



**Professor Gaston led a yelling posse in pursuit of the elusive pooch**

"Wah Hoo! Right this way, folks!"

To a man, every one of Professor Gaston's amateur and fickle entomologists executed a perfect about face and marched en masse across to the shrine of Dr. Plato. Professor Gaston surveyed the unbroken wall of backs which was now turned upon him. His artistic temperament exploded in a mixture of carnival patter and provincial French:

"Sacre bleu! Whatzehell! Le corn docteur! Impossible! Non! Non! My poor



# MIMI

BY  
CLIFTON  
HICKOK



beautiful fleas! Mes puces!" He disappeared behind his curtain. He laid his head upon the smooth table-top arena of his flea circus and was about to deluge it with a shower of Latin tears, when his glance fell upon the neatly arranged jeweler's ring-boxes which housed his troupe of performers. In a yearning for company he picked up the ring box marked with a small gold star, the boudoir of his prima donna, Princess Mimi, flea aerialist de luxe, most valuable insect in the world. He removed the lid and with a pair of small tweezers deftly lifted Princess Mimi from her cozy, cotton-lined box. He perched her upon the minute aerial trapeze where she executed faultlessly her *pièce de résistance*: "Ah! C'est perfection! Exquise! Ma petite Mimi, ma princesse!"

Professor Gaston, it will be noted, appreciated that the Princess was responsible for his quite satisfactory living. Now more than ever she must be kept contented and happy. Hence the words of devotion.

The professor fondly returned the princess to her royal bed.

"Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo!"

Professor Gaston winced at the sound of the hateful words. He crept to the curtain and peeked out at the activities of his rival. Surrounded by a crowd that blocked all movement up and down the boardwalk, Dr. Plato was pointing mysteriously to an easel upon which rested a

large, thick pasteboard concealed under a black silken cloth.

"Folks, this easel here holds the greatest and most valuable collection of exhibits ever brought together by any feet doctor in the world, and in just about a minute now I'm agoin' to show 'em to you. Now you boys will just have to keep down off this platform! Do you folks know that headaches, misery in the legs and back, and a lot of other body ailments are the result of feet trouble? Do you know that there is a set of nerves that runs direct from your corn to your medulla oblongata? Folks, the nervous system is made up of . . ."

For ten minutes Dr. Plato held his audience while Professor Gaston, flea tutor, peeked through the hole in his curtain in an agony of envy. As the doc-

*Illustrations by*  
GEORGE SHANKS



tor progressed every shoe in the crowd held one or more corns that palpitated in unison with an urge for treatment. Finally Dr. Plato lowered his voice. In the hush that ensued he removed with a flourish the black cloth that concealed the mysteries of his exhibit.

"Now folks, I want you-all to notice the artistic effect of this masterpiece, which it took me twenty years to compose." The ingenious foot doctor had carefully arranged his proud samples in a series of concentric circles, culminating at the very center in a tremendous and magnificent specimen. Furthermore, he had not been insensitive to the color possibilities of his varied collection of epidermal fungi. He had so placed the specimens which formed his artistic medium, that, viewed with the half closed eyes of the true connoisseur, from the proper angle and in just the right light, the whole gave the effect of a sockful of aurora borealis.

Dr. Plato picked up an ivory baton and continued profoundly: "Now folks, this here corn that I am a pointin' at is a real artistic specimen, having been removed by me from the dainty foot of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, just before she made her dayboo in New York! She gratefully told me afterwards that its skillful removal by me no doubt added two more notes to her higher register!" As the doctor brushed back his long hair with an artistic gesture, Professor Gaston jerked his eye from his peep hole in a wave of disgusted jealousy:

"Ma'm'selle Jenny Lind! Mon dieu! L'imposteur! Jenny Lind make ze debut seventy-five years ago! Ze liar!"

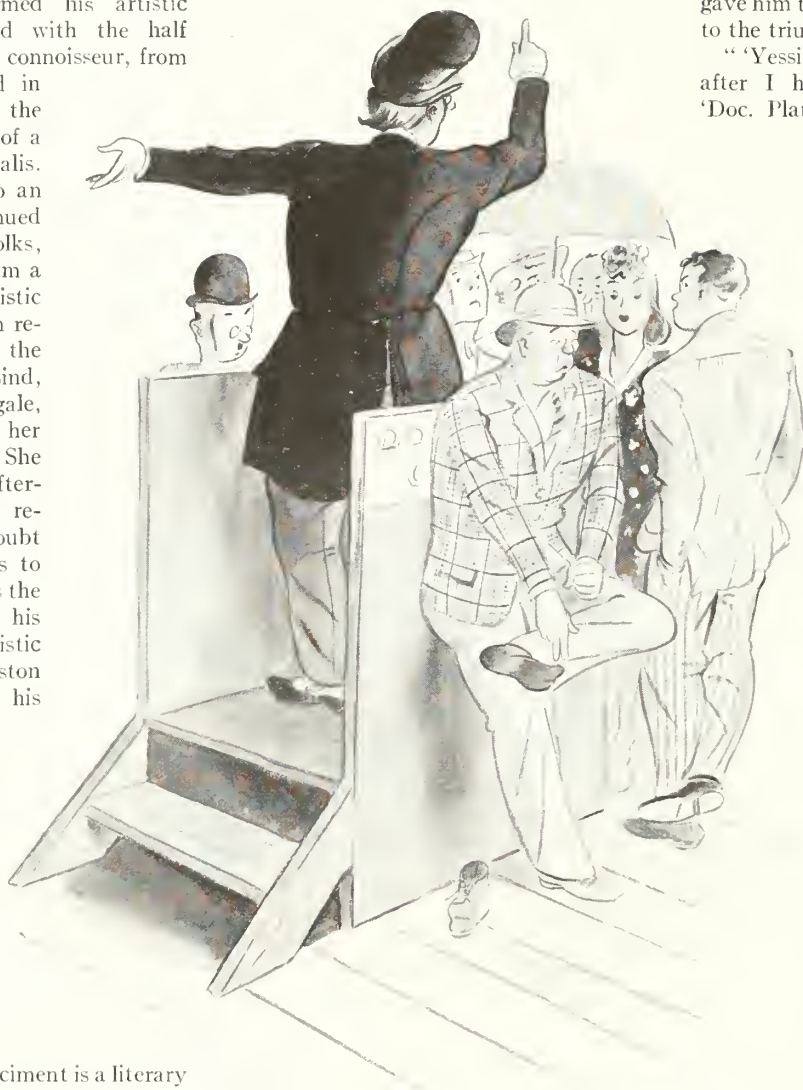
Dr. Plato, pointing with his baton, continued: "This here refined lookin' specimen is a literary one took by me from the toe of the famous author, Charles Dickens, in his private parlor in the Westminster Hotel in New York City on December 11, 1913, just before he begun his lecture tour in America."

"Ze liar! Ze liar by ze calendair!" moaned the professor at his peep hole.

"A couple of weeks after I had removed this corn," the doctor went on grandiloquently, "I got a letter from Charley sayin' he had made a serious error in havin' it took off. Seems like when he would read the death scene of Little Nell to his audience, he would step on this

corn to help him cry and now that it was gone the scene fell flat and he had to drop it from his repertoire. Well, anyway he mentioned me in his book called 'American Notes,' page 226. You'll see right there where he tells all about how Dr. Plato, the famous American feet specialist, removed his cryin' corn."

The doctor reached for a drink of water. As he carefully pressed down his ample beard and fitted his lips over the brim of the glass, he cast his professional eye over the crowd to see if he had got away with his Dickens whopper. Eminently satisfied, he continued for several minutes elaborating upon the procession of celebrities whose feet had passed



**Every shoe held one or more corns that palpitated in unison with an urge for treatment**

through his hands, leaving their imprint upon his display board.

Professor Gaston himself fell under the spell of the old corn doctor's eloquence. His sales resistance was overcome. He slipped out from behind the curtain of his flea circus and stood openly on his own platform to listen to the learned discourse.

Professor Gaston had a pet corn of his own. As he listened to the description of symptoms his corn too began to pulsate in synchronism with the others present.

Dr. Plato came to the climax of his speech:

"And now, folks, if you'll just move up a little closer—a leetle more—that's good—I'll tell you all about the Great Central Corn, the precious gem of my collection!" He pointed to the specimen occupying the central throne. "This majestic corn, folks," reverently exclaimed the doctor, "the most celebrated for size, shape, and historical importance in the whole world, was removed by me from the toe of no less a man than Admiral Dewey himself just before they gave him that big parade in New York up to the triumphal arch.

" 'Yessir,' says the admiral to me, right after I had performed the operation, 'Doc. Plato,' says he, 'if I was half as good a sailor—I mean, without that corn I'd a had the Spaniards whipped before I ordered Whitley to fire, at Manila Bay.' "

The doctor assumed the pose of an elder statesman; he had a sad, proud pathos in his voice as he told the tale of the admiral's corn as if his removal of it had indeed become a part of American history.

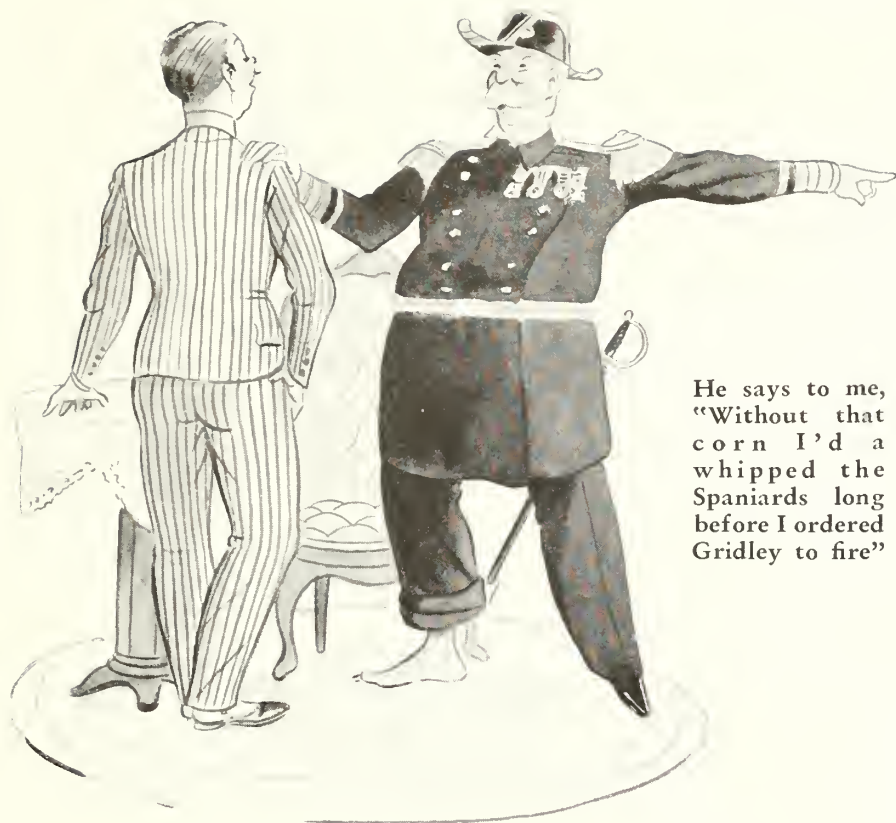
Professor Gaston shifted his weight off his corn. He leaned forward over the rail of his platform as Dr. Plato warmed up to the real business of selling his remedies.

At this moment a black and gray mongrel dog, having completed a fruitless search of garbage cans behind all the hamburger joints, made a casual detour of sniffing investigation inside the forbidden portals of Professor Gaston's flea circus. Princess Mimi stirred in her royal bed. The professor in his agitation had left the lid off. The Princess put up her delicate antennae and tuned in on a series of

strange, seductive vibrations. The heat waves, radiating from the back of the stray dog, carried an irresistible invitation to Princess Mimi. They offered warmth, food, travel, and unlimited companionship with her kind. With two graceful parabolic hops the prima donna abandoned her cozy but sterile little cotton-lined boudoir and went in search of romance.

From across the way reverberated the voice of Dr. Plato as he reached his finale: "Old Dr. Plato's Corn Remedies! Wah Hoo! The price is fifty cents a article or three for a dollar! Wah Hoo!





He says to me,  
"Without that  
corn I'd a  
whipped the  
Spaniards long  
before I ordered  
Gridley to fire"

Take your turn. Yes, ma'am, three for you! Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo!"

Professor Gaston watched with amazement the silver dollars cascading into the open satchel of his competitor. He toyed with the two lonely dimes in his pocket. He wrung his hands in an agony of despair, and slipped again behind his curtain. He approached the arena of his flea circus. He was disconsolate and he decided to gather up the miniature equipment of his performers and close up for the evening. As he reached for a tiny gilded carriage he espied, first, his star actress, Princess Mimi, and then, the vagrant dog. Princess Mimi, perched on the edge of the flea arena, was just flexing her legs for a hop onto the warm back of the stray cur. The professor shrieked:

"Mon dieu! Sacrebleu! La catastrophe extreme! Non! Non!"

Professor Gaston had been a French boxer in his youth and he knew how to use his feet. He applied an expert kick to the most vulnerable part of the dog's anatomy. The kick and Princess Mimi arrived on the dog at the same instant. With a surprised yelp the cur dashed under the curtain and into the crowd on the boardwalk. Professor Gaston burst from his booth waving a fine-tooth comb, and screaming:

"Mon dieu! Help! Ma Mimi! Le chien! Ze dog! one hundred of dollars for ze dog! Oh, ze exquisite flea on ze pig of ze dog!"

Professor Gaston led a yelling posse of bathers, balloon vendors, sailors and small boys. The chase led in and out of booths and concessions, and back and forth across the boardwalk. Finally with a burst of speed and a crescendo of yips,

the frantic animal took to the beach, made a wide detour, terminating under the far end of the boardwalk, where he crawled into a familiar hiding place to indulge in contemplation. Princess Mimi had been taken for a real ride. The heat of the chase had stimulated social intercourse among the dog's flea population. The Princess had already made many interesting acquaintances. She did not intend to walk home.

The panting Professor at last gave up the hunt and sadly started back. As he

put his foot forward a shrieking pain telegraphed its message from his pet corn. He remembered then that he had, in his excitement, administered the kick to the stray dog with the wrong foot. He limped along the boardwalk in a torture of mind and body, and crawled behind his curtain.

The excitement having died down, Dr. Plato made preparation to start his second performance:

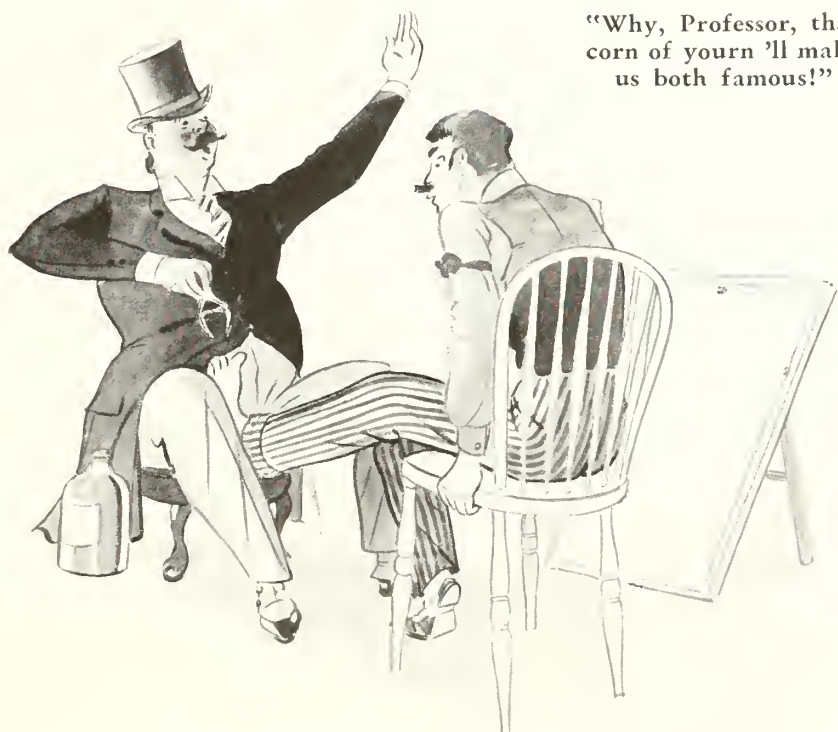
"Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Right this way, folks!"

The sound of the call at this time was like a rasping saw to Professor Gaston. It broke his spirit. He gathered up his paraphernalia and assortment of flea bedrooms and thrust them into his small leather grip. He placed the little empty ring box with the gold star on it in his vest pocket and wiped a tear from each eye. He limped away to his room for a sleepless night.

The friendless and hungry dog cowered in his dark hiding place under the boardwalk and tried to fathom the mystery of his sudden prominence. He yearned only for a kind word and a bite to eat. Suddenly he pricked up his ears. Wafted to him on the light breeze came a man call that contained the elements of kindness and invitation and entreaty:

"Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo! Wah Hoo-oo!"

A meaningless jargon. But to the poor frightened dog its modulations seemed to offer understanding, friendship, affection. Feebly wagging his tail, he crawled from under the boardwalk and approached the source of the kindly voice. He crept along in the shadow of the embankment until he could see the benevolent old gentleman from whom the warm utterances fell. The dog had an urge to crawl up and curl himself at the feet of this new found friend, but he remembered the long chase and he contained (Continued on page 40)



"Why, Professor, that  
corn of yours 'll make  
us both famous!"



# CHILDISH *Things*

By

GLEN  
R. HILLIS

*Chairman,  
Child Welfare Committee,*

THE AMERICAN  
LEGION

I NEVER did learn the name of the original hero of this story. When first seen he was about five years old, wearing a shapeless black smock, a pair of outsize trousers, funny shoes and a nondescript cap. He stood on a dock in St. Nazaire, France and jumped up and down with excitement as he shouted "Les Américains!" "Vive les Etats Unis!" "A bas les boches!"

He stood there watching a troopship unload, and, as before his eyes hundreds upon hundreds of American soldiers stepped on to the soil of his country and started marching up a long, long hill, his little eyes gleamed and glistened, and soon he fell into step beside some pack laden American "soldat." He had found a new hero.

Before they reached the top of the hill, the little French boy was beginning to learn a new language, beginning to sense a new kindliness, beginning to feel a new manhood. I'm not so sure the language he learned was especially good for him—certainly it wasn't "pure" English. I'm not so certain that the kindliness dished out to him was always best for his little stomach, lungs or brain. I've often wondered about that manhood he had just achieved. But whatever the net result to him, the fact remains that a new comradeship was established, which has had far reaching results.

Perhaps you have noticed that there is a strange affinity between soldiers and children. Somehow desperate men-at-arms, knowing that tomorrow may find them marching down into the gates of Hell, knowing that at any moment a

bugle call may send them into mortal combat with a mysterious and lethal enemy, long for the prattle of little children. Soldiers in the ranks are usually just boys and their minds quickly respond to the unmatched loyalty and hero worship of the round-eyed little youngsters who tag along and want to be "soldats" too. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that children, soldiers, and dogs are almost always inevitably drawn into a homogeneous camaraderie that each understands implicitly, but cannot explain.

This was the situation in France in 1917, 1918 and well into 1919. Everywhere back of the front lines where there were American soldiers there the kids flocked. Black-smocked, wooden-shod little rascals, noisy, pestiferous, some-



PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE HAWKINS

"Just feel that muscle!"

times immaculate but more often very dirty—but like youngsters the world over, bound to tag along whenever their heroes marched.

As the weary war dragged on, the troops would move up to the front where the youngsters would be forgotten in the deadly business at hand. But when the survivors marched back to the so-called rest camps there would be the children, waiting for their friends who had been up there somewhere fighting "pour la patrie."

In the days that followed, there would be the blissful hours when the American doughboy would sit in the sun before his billet, and tell little Meurice, or Peter, or Alphonse, tall tales about the great, grand, glorious place called Amérique. Ah, the tales those homesick doughboys told—the wild yarns about the homeland so far away; and all the while those little wide-eyed urchins believed each word and literally worshiped at a shrine of childish imagery that was crude and rough, but also gentle and after all quite beautiful.

Today The American Legion is one of childhood's first friends.

We remember first our dead, dying or disabled comrades, especially those for whom the war never ended. We tell you quite frankly our first concern is with our own disabled, but right along with them we carry that love for the child. It is not confined to our own children. No—our little French playmate taught us better than that.

First of all we found that many of these little chattering French lads were war orphans. So often their father had died where we had been. And the Americans thought on these things!

March 20, 1918, was the most miserable Good Friday the world has known in our time. The great German offensive in the north had won back in days, territory for which British and French had battled yard by yard for nearly two years. On



that bad Good Friday the newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, *The Stars and Stripes*, carried a featured story which urged units of the A. E. F. to "take as a mascot a French war orphan." The story then called upon any company, detachment or group to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support. Those adopted were to be either the younger children of French soldiers so seriously crippled they could not work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The money was to be sent to *The Stars and Stripes* and then given to the Red Cross for disbursement. The idea originated with Private Harold Wallace Ross of the 18th Railway Engineers, then an editor of *The Stars and Stripes*. It spread rapidly and within 14 days, 33 children had been adopted. The idea worked its way by word of mouth and newspaper through the A. E. F. until when the Armistice ended the war, these American soldiers had adopted 3,444 French children, which was quite an over-subscription of the original quota of 1,000.

**N**OW the little fellow stood on the dock and watched the troopships load. With

a memory now, but we will always see him thus. We know that perhaps today he guards the Maginot Line. We are certain *he* remembers, for always there are those mysterious floral medallions on American graves in France.

Back in America the A. E. F. disbanded. Scarcely had it been disbanded before the real soldiers banded together again in The American Legion. First of all there was our charge of our disabled comrades. Then, almost instantly came the memory of the children and the Legion's Child Welfare Division was formed. Now we were concerned with

great American organization to realize the tremendous task, the horrible waste in boyhood and girlhood.

Within The American Legion is a very unusual society. It is called the 40 & 8. Organized as a fun society, it thought it would be fun to take care of some youngsters again. How quickly that fun-loving society became serious when it discovered the work to be done. In typical fashion it went after its objective. It devoted one-seventh of its funds to children, called upon the rest of the Legion to "get busy." The American Legion answered the call in short order.

In brief, its work has been along three sectors. First there is the aid to dependent and crippled children; second, education of the needs of children, and now we are swinging into the hardest battle of all in the campaign for prevention and treatment of juvenile delinquency.

During the past eighteen months I have had the great honor of being appointed by the Legion's immediate and past Commanders to the chairmanship of the National Child Welfare Committee. I thought I understood something of the problem when I first accepted the great task, but how very,



A trio of wartime orphans smile bravely for an A.E.F. cameraman. Below, babes in a French wood watch American artillerymen park a big gun, during training maneuvers



an ache in his heart he saw his pack-laden buddy from the great America wave a last goodbye. The war was over—fini la guerre. So we must leave him there. Just

American children. We were concerned with their health, their education, their cleanliness of mind and body. As we got into these problems we became the first

very much I have been called upon to learn!

I had scarcely started the work, when before my eyes (*Continued on page 57*)



# BULWARKS *of* DEMOCRACY

**L**OOK me over, pal—you're in the presence of somebody of importance!"

This was just typical talk of one high school boy to another, except that there was a little too much gleam in George's eye this time and a little too much genuine pride in his voice to be buried beneath the carefully nonchalant approach.

"Oh, so that's why you came out of the principal's office with your nose in the air. I was just about ready to examine the south end of your pants for foot-prints. What happened?"

"Mr. Burnham has just told me that I have been selected to go to Boys' State this summer."

George had said all there was to say until Fred succeeded in producing a fervent "Gee!"

"I wish I could go too," Fred added. "It seems it does things to a guy."

"Does things? I'll say it does. Where do you think Bud Kinney got all of those ideas on running the senior class this year? You know, he was down at Boys' State last summer."

"George, I've heard my Dad say that this business of taking part in things is O.K. Dad's a Legionnaire, too, you know." Fred's Dad was his pet topic. "Dad says the kid that can lead his own group in school will be still leading them and a lot more besides when he is fifty."

"And Bud is really doing it this year," George added. "He's made a swell class president."

The two boys moved on down the hall.

This same scene is probably being duplicated in five thousand or more high schools in twenty or more States in the Union, as high school principals notify boy leaders that they have been selected for The American Legion's summerschool of citizenship.

Though Fred and George may be aware only of the direct results of Boys' State participation as represented in Bud Kinney's rise to leadership, they are dealing with a program of training more far reaching and carrying more purpose than the immediate present. In this rapidly growing youth movement, The American Legion is presenting its answer to the world's present crop of un-American ideologies. As H. L. Chaillaux, National Americanism Director, has said, "It is The American Legion's best

*By*

**HAYES  
KENNEDY**

*President,*

**ILLINOIS BOYS' STATE**

answer to the youth-training programs of all un-American groups."

Most of the nations of the world today are feeling the pressure of groups attempting to lead society away from democratic forms. Totalitarianism has spread over half of the world and its propaganda is paraded before the youth of the other half. America and The American Legion are not convinced democracy has outlived its usefulness. Americans do not feel that the interests of man can best be served through a form of government that draws upon the mental processes of one man or of a small group of men for its salvation.

Rather Americans believe that ideas

of value have always originated in the collective mind of the people. And thus the observations of our two high school friends, Fred and George, hit close to the process by which our future leaders may be developed.

LcRoy Pease, Richland County Superintendent of Schools, and Director of the Boys' State movement in North Dakota, has well expressed the problem facing those interested in the fate of democratic institutions in his foreword to the Boys' State manual for that State. He says:

"The two greatest enemies of a successful democracy are ignorance and indifference. If the will of the people is to be the law of the land and if we expect the law of the land to promote progress, it is obvious that the great masses of the people of a democracy must be well informed upon the political questions of the day. They must know how their Government can be used in the solution of these problems. It is essential to the well-being of our country that American citizens have a thorough understanding of the principles, functions and operation of democratic government. Such knowledge will tend to eliminate indifference



**Robed in judicial majesty, the Supreme Court of the Buckeye Boys' State**





**Frank F. Merriam, at the time Governor of California, watching Boys' State Governor Ralph Miller sworn in by Justice Pullen of the California Supreme Court**

on the part of citizens and will develop a realization of the necessity of cooperation and active interest in the affairs of government."

Dean Harry M. Bates of the University of Michigan Law School, in speaking to a conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants in Indianapolis last November, made a remark along the same line when he commented that "our scheme of government is sound and need only be understood to be defended by those who enjoy its blessings."

Educators of the country recognize the value of the Boys' State movement in teaching the necessary understanding of governmental processes. Their participation in the program shows the respect which they have for it as a supplementary educational activity. A large number of the counselors in the various state programs are school men. They realize that the educational objectives of the study of government can be enhanced by the laboratory methods used by Boys' State. The attitude of school men can be summarized in a statement of Raymond D. Meade, principal of West High School in Aurora, Illinois, and Dean of Counselors for Premier Boys' State. Mr. Meade, writing in the manual for counselors, prepared for the Illinois staff, says:

"A working or even intimate knowledge of the mere mechanics of American democracy does not of itself make a person a good citizen. Schools do an admirable job of teaching the theory of the American form of government. However,

opportunities for the practical application of the democratic form of government to real situations are limited in the typical high school. Boys' State as a project in functional citizenship is the logical extension of a sound educational program."

The American Legion in fostering the Boys' State movement believes that broad education about the problems of

these ends. In these days of stress when democratic government is being challenged to an unprecedented degree, it behooves thoughtful citizens to ascertain what is necessary to bring about democratic government, and to determine how it may best be secured. The world's experience proves that democracy can succeed only to the extent to which it is based upon an intelligent, honest, sincere, informed public opinion, with adequate machinery for crystallizing that opinion into a definite program of action.

That Boys' State has been given wide recognition as a constructive youth movement in furthering these aims is evidenced by the fact that a noted educator recently called it "the most notable experiment in education in the past several decades."

Originated in Illinois in 1934, Boys' State has grown rapidly until twenty States of the forty-eight will sponsor schools of instruction this summer with four more seriously considering such a step. An estimate has been made that fifteen thousand boys will take part in the program this year, as compared to the nine thousand who participated last summer.

Although details of organization vary among the several States, those who are selected to attend are usually chosen for the leadership potentialities they possess. Ranging in age from fifteen to nineteen years, the typical citizen of Boys' State is in the upper years of high school. Jordan L. Larson, Superintendent of Schools of Ames, Iowa, and Camp Director of Hawk- (Continued on page 42)



**Hayes Kennedy congratulates John Starn, Ohio's Governor, and August C. Grebe, chief executive of Illinois**

government and active participation in governmental affairs constitute the bulwarks of democracy, and considers that Boys' State is a legitimate tool to further



# A RUNNER UP

*This One Knew of a Better 'Ole, and Went to It*

By Wallgren





# ★ EDITORIAL ★ ON A WAR REFERENDUM

THE most solemn hour in the life of a nation comes when it enters upon a war, whether that war be offensive or defensive, or officially no war at all. The new fashion of carrying on hostilities without a formal declaration is merely an attempt to gloss over a brutal fact: placing of signatures on a sheet of paper and promulgation in an official gazette would not have increased by a pennyweight the woes of the millions of sufferers in undeclared wars of the past few years.

War is indeed hell, as a cloud of witnesses of our generation can assure those Americans who weren't old enough to know what was going on in 1918, if these last are inclined to scoff at doughty old General Sherman's most famous saying.

The American Legion knows war's bloody thrust—right up to the hilt. We hate war with an abiding hatred born of experience, and would keep it from our people, now and always. And for one very special reason: *It is the sons of Legionnaires who would bear the brunt of it, suffer and die.* The peace-at-any-price crowd and their un-American satellites would find bomb-proof cushy jobs for themselves far removed from the blood-letting.

YET The American Legion, much as it hates war, is against the Ludlow and other proposals which would prevent Congress from declaring war, except a defensive war, without a ratifying vote by the whole American people. Why?

The American people have just finished 150 years under a Constitution which provides us with a representative form of government more democratic than that of any other nation under the sun. The President, Senators and Congressmen who carry on the business of government come from no special class or section of our population. They represent us because they are of us. We have the freest press in the world, a Government working on the Wilsonian principle of open covenants openly arrived at in the conduct of its foreign relations, and a Congress whose proceedings, down to the last word of discussion, are published to the world within twenty-four hours of the close of a daily session. Our Congressmen and a third of the Senate must answer to the electorate at the polls every two years, and the Executive every four years. With all our policies, domestic and foreign, subjected to that fierce white light that traditionally beats upon a throne, secret understandings and intrigues with other powers are simply impossible.

No country with which we could conceivably go to war has anything like that democratic set-up. On the contrary their negotiations are largely carried on under cover, their secret agents are at work wherever our vital interests are centered, they can strike a disabling blow without warning, and follow it up with other attacks, all without even declaring war. That is not theory—it is history. One remembers the gunboat *Panay*.

We don't want anybody's territory, we won't seize anybody's raw materials, we shy away from political and military entanglements.

But we won't promise never to fight, and in the conduct of its foreign relations our Government, which puts its cards face up on the table in dealing with other nations, should never be required to go to the people for a specific indorsement if we should be forced into war. The spineless cactus no doubt has its uses, but it isn't the proper symbol of American leadership.

It was our own Frank B. Kellogg who with Aristide

Briand got the representatives of fifty-nine nations to sign an agreement some dozen years ago formally outlawing war as an instrument of national policy. That agreement has been broken, but we haven't broken it, and we won't break it. In other words, we won't start a war. But there are things for which we'll fight, in defense of our shores and even thousands of miles away from our shores if our vital interests are attacked, and the sooner other nations know that there will be no referendum follies in this matter of declaring war the better it will be for us. Our Army and our Navy and the industrial set-up on which our success in war depends are in the best shape in the nation's history. George Washington, were he alive today, would applaud the foresight which that statement implies, and would term such preparedness the best insurance for our remaining at peace with all nations. Were the Legion-sponsored Universal Service a part of the Constitution we should have a further bulwark against war.

But we won't promise never to fight.

Is anyone so naive as to think that if Congress wished to declare war and send a force overseas the American people, voting on the question, would refuse its consent? Of course not! Partisanship, sectionalism, selfish interests of all sorts would be in ignominious retreat in the face of the common enemy. In 1898 the people would have voted for war with Spain almost to a man. In 1917, when it was known definitely that whatever fighting we should do would be done on foreign soil, and the House of Representatives passed the war resolution by a 353-50 vote, its action was acclaimed in every State of the Union.

But would a referendum on war help the situation in any way when it turned out, as it would turn out, that the country trusted its leaders? Certainly this nation should be the very last (instead of the first) to adopt such a scheme, for Congress in deciding for war couldn't betray the nation without betraying itself. As an earnest of our desire to avoid war a peace referendum would merely cause guffaws in the aggressor nations, and sneers about the incapacity of democracies. The only attitude those fellows respect is defiance backed by power—plenty of power. Even a dictator knows what happens to fingers when they run up against a buzz saw.

WE CAN quarrel as we will among ourselves on internal affairs—such quarrels prove merely that we are not regimented in our thinking. But when our responsible leaders, the men we ourselves have chosen to formulate our policy, deal with other nations there should be no divided counsels. Johnson and Grant had no fear the nation was not behind them in the prosecution of the Alabama Claims against England, Cleveland knew his people would back him to the limit in the quarrel over Venezuela with the same power, and Theodore Roosevelt's ringing statement to Germany that the United States Navy would stand between Venezuela and the German fleet and repel any attacks upon that nation brought enthusiastic support from a united America.

Each of these situations had in it the germs of war, of a foreign war, but they were settled peaceably because the United States Government was resolute in its stand, a resolution born of confidence in its rectitude and in its strength. These leaders did not have to get a vote of confidence from the people on specific matters to achieve peace in their time, nor do we of this one hundred and sixty-third year of the Independence of the United States.



A "back to the faith" billboard set up on the Circle, in the heart of Indianapolis

★

LEADERS in the field of education have marked a new trend on college campuses that has not been so strongly evidenced in many years—a decided inclination on the part of students toward the study of religion and the promotion of a spirit of tolerance. The tendency, according to reports, has not been confined to one institution of higher learning, but has been noted in many, and some of the colleges have already announced that next year new and stronger courses in religious education will be established. Educators have been quick to attribute the demand of students for fuller courses and a better understanding of the philosophic basis of life and religion to the troubled state of world affairs, particularly to the con-



# BACK *to the* FAITH



ditions that exist in European countries.

It may be that this demand arises from the natural reaction of youth against any form of violence and tyranny; an intellectual and spiritual revolt against the few strong men on horseback who ride rough-shod through the authoritarian and totalitarian countries, crushing every individual right of thought, speech and action which every American looks upon as his birthright. It may be that this awakening is a new kindling of the inherent American spirit of tolerance and square dealing in our relations with men and nations. It is probably both. But whatever the underlying motive the trend back to the faith is most reassuring.

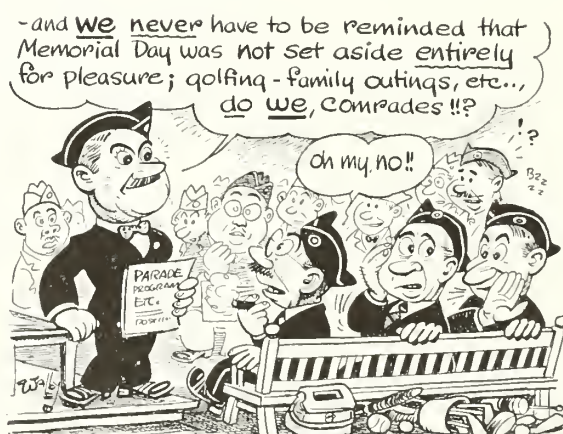
Equally reassuring is the spirit of tolerance that is reasserting itself in adult American life, made evident in public meetings, in demonstrations of one kind or another, and in the press and pulpit. It is also reassuring to note that many of the meetings and demonstrations are held under the sponsorship of The American Legion. Some of the meetings are sponsored by Posts, other series are carried out as a Department activity. What

organization is better fitted for such a work? "For God and Country" is the first declaration of the purposes in principles of the organization which, for full twenty years, has preached its faith and held a course true to the ten commandments set out in the Preamble to its Constitution.

Nation-wide attention was focused on the Department of Indiana during the month of February when the Catholic Department Commander, the Jewish National Committeeman and the Protestant Chaplain made a series of one-night stands in the larger cities of the State—a tri-faith Legion revival of the old time Chautauqua—preaching the cardinal principles of Americanism, freedom, and a return to the faith and support of the church. The response was immediate; after the first meeting the Department Headquarters at Indianapolis was flooded with requests for additional dates, so many, according to Frank White, editor of the *Hoosier Legionnaire*, that many weeks would have been required to fill them all. Letters poured in from other Departments asking about the "Tolerance Tour" idea and for the plan of operation. No activity in which the Indiana Legion has engaged since the Ohio floods of two years ago attracted such favorable notice and comment.

The accident, or special providence, that placed three men of different re-

ligious faith in the three highest places of leadership in the Indiana Legion this year was thus crystalized into a most effective Americanism sales campaign and back-to-the-faith movement. The men who made up the team, dubbed by the press as the "Tolerant Trio," were Department Commander Harold A. Shindler, who is a member of St. John's Catholic Church, Newburgh; National Executive Committeeman Isadore A. Levine, who is a member of the Jewish Beth-El Temple, South Bend, and Department Chaplain Harry B. Parker, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Delphi. The speakers were accom-



panied by Joseph F. Lutes, of Indianapolis, Chairman of the Department Americanism Committee, who acted as master of ceremonies at many of the scheduled meetings.

Department Adjutant William E.

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*



Sayer served as the advance man and promotion manager for the Tolerance Tour. He preceded the official party, made arrangement for the sponsorship of civic groups to cooperate with the local Legion Post, and enlisted the support of clerical bodies and civil officers. The meeting at Marion may be taken as typical: present at the luncheon in that city was the entire membership of the Ministerial Association; the Mayor and his official family, memberships of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other service clubs, distinguished citizen and public officials.

Department Chaplain Parker, speaking of the tour, said: "We express our gratitude for the freedom and tolerance we enjoy in America. We stress the fact that

we are the servants of God. We urge all people and all Legionnaires to read and become active in the faith of their fathers, or in the faith of their choice, because the religious convictions of the American people are more effective in the world than guns, diplomacy or political economy." Department Commander Shindler spoke on Americanism, approaching the subject through the precepts laid down in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion, while National Executive Committeeman Levine leavened the continuity of addresses by placing emphasis on those opportunities, benefits and freedoms that are characteristic of America, and guaranteed to each citizen by the Bill of Rights and other

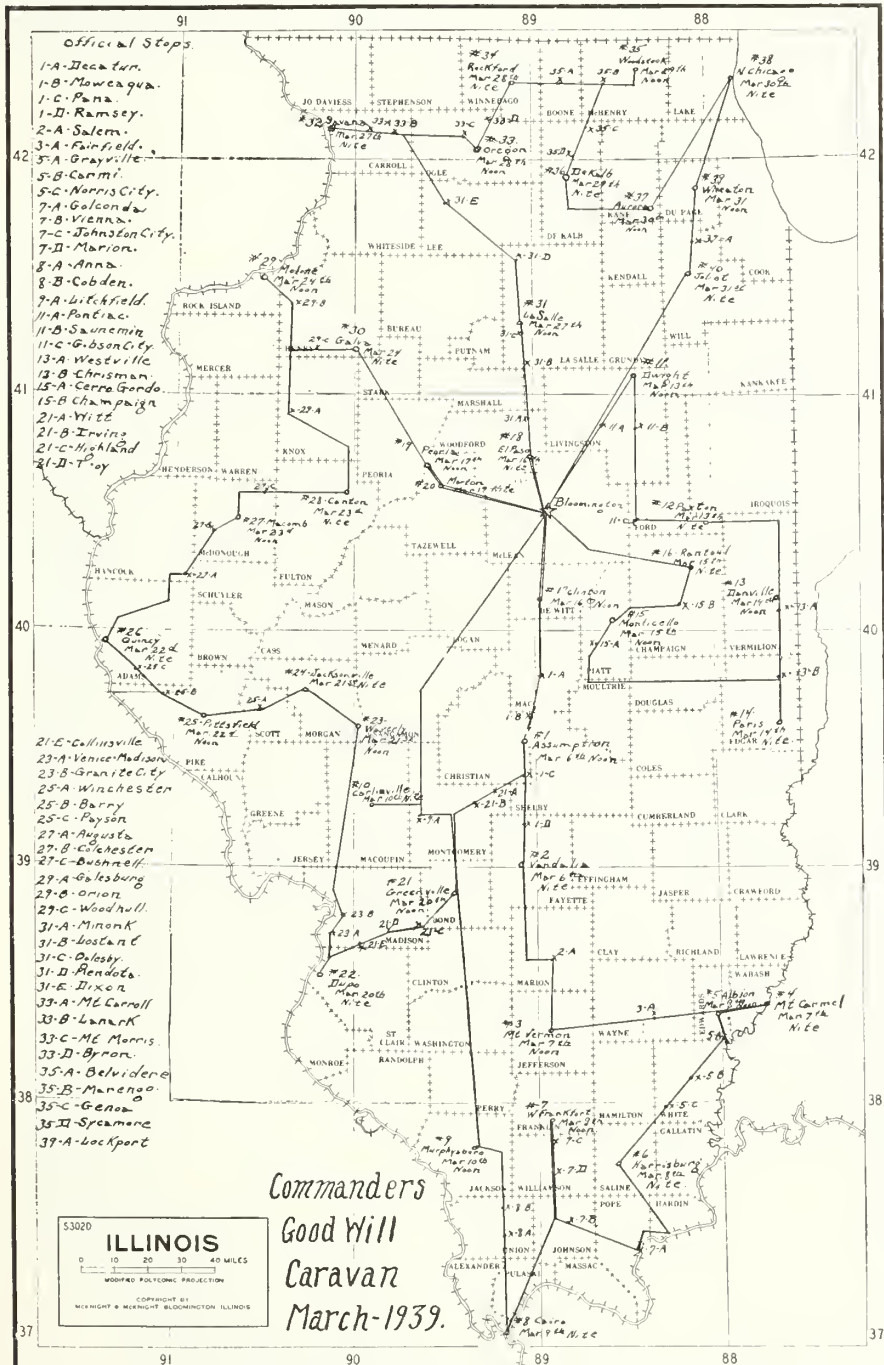


portions of the Constitution. He reviewed conditions in some of the countries of Europe and made a striking comparison with conditions here and abroad.

The tour is being followed up with the placement of billboard signs in many Indiana towns, carrying out the theme of tolerance and back to the faith. These signs are given most conspicuous spots, in fact the one shown in the picture on another page stands at the foot of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument in the Circle, the very heart of the capital city of Indiana. The erection of each one is celebrated by a tolerance luncheon, when the sponsoring Post or Legion unit has as its guests the most prominent and influential citizens of the town.

A movement somewhat similar in nature was inaugurated in Los Angeles early in the year when the Division of Public Relations of the Los Angeles (California) County Council sponsored a resolution calling for tolerance among all races and creeds, as one point in its "Be American" campaign. This program asks that four days in each year be designated as "Be American" days when "all Legionnaires and ex-service men with their families, and all members of patriotic, civic, labor and other groups, be urged to attend services conducted in the house of worship of their respective creeds, which services would be devoted to the development of a reverence, a love of country, a recognition of the principles of toleration, mutual understanding and brotherhood, for the purpose of increasing national solidarity for the good of all American citizens within our borders, irrespective of racial origin, religion, creed, rank or condition." This resolution has been adopted by a number of Posts in the Los Angeles area.

In the Department of Illinois, the second annual Good Will Caravan got under way on Monday morning, March 6th, and during the next twenty days covered 4,500 miles of Illinois highways, passed through 354 cities and towns and made ninety-three official stops. This annual tour of the State was originally based on the good will idea, but actually its purpose does not differ greatly from the Indiana plan, except that the plea for tolerance in thought and action has not been stressed. Headed by Depart-



Department Commander Ed Clamage led a Legion Good Will Caravan from one end of Illinois to the other. The party made ninety-three official stops for Americanism and good will rallies





Legionnaires take over the policing of the City of Milford, Connecticut, when the regular force want a night off. Above, members of Milford Post being sworn in before taking over the regular beats

ment Commander Edward Clamage, of Chicago, the official Legion party held a rally at each of the ninety-three stops when the Legion evangelists preached the gospel of Americanism straight from the shoulder.

As this tour coincided with the twentieth anniversary of the Legion, at a time when the press was filled with Legion stories, Department Commander Clamage stressed the record of Legion service, referring particularly to the part the Department of Illinois has played in developing the national Legion program. Membership activity was stimulated, and the Illinois enrolment was so boosted that those in the know believe the Department is headed for a new high this year. Department Adjutant William C. Mundt estimates that the speakers on the Good Will Caravan spoke to about 20,000 people, seventy-five percent of them non-Legionnaires.

### The Milford Police

SINCE 1922 members of Milford (Connecticut) Post have policed their city on one night in each year for the length of time necessary for the members of the regular force to attend the annual ball given by the Police Sick Benefit Association. Legionnaires take over their duties on regular shift running from six o'clock in the evening until seven the next morning. It's a thoughtful thing to do, and does the Milford Post stand well with the Milford Police!

"In the earlier days eight or ten men were all that were necessary to cover the various patrols, but now the number has increased to about twenty-five," writes National Executive Committeeman Arthur L. Baldwin, who is a Milford Post member.

"Our town has about twelve miles of shore line, all of which is rather thickly built up, and in addition to the regular beats two automobile patrols are maintained along this shore front. According to our custom, the Post Commander takes the place of Superintendent, the two Vice Commanders act as Captains, and the Adjutant and one other member act as Sergeants. The department is on an all-state police teletype circuit, for which we had to provide an operator as well as an operator for the telephone switchboard.

"In addition to the formal offer of our services at the time of the police ball, we have a standing offer for duty in time of emergency. The Post has letters of commendation from Mortimer B. Fowler, Superintendent of Police, for assistance rendered in handling traffic at the State Firemen's convention last summer, and for similar service on other occasions. It also has the commendation of our police department for service during the hurricane last September, when members of the Post were on duty constantly for more than forty-four hours."

"It is interesting to note," continues Comrade Baldwin, "that when the Legion is on duty the night

is apt to be a very quiet one. On our last tour we had only four calls during the whole night, none of them serious."



Sundial monument erected on the University campus at Pocatello, Idaho, in memory of the war dead

### Idaho Remembers

"SOUTHEASTERN Idaho's most unique monument," writes Adjutant J. B. Blackhurst of Pocatello (Idaho) Post, "is the American Legion sundial monument erected on the campus of the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, at Pocatello, in memory of former students who were killed in the World War. The structure displays a star for each former student who gave up his life, a brass sundial with figures in polished bronze. The arm casting the shadow is from an old Liberty airplane motor.





"The expense of erecting this monument was borne by Pocatello Post; the school gave employment to the N. Y. A. students in its construction. Professor A. L. Lillibridge, Legionnaire, of the engineering department, designed the memorial and, to make certain the dial reflects the correct time, made a study of time shifts."

### *In Honored Glory*

**N**O LONGER an unknown, his body now resting in the soil of his home community, Corporal Lynn F. Spiering, Company H, 26th Infantry, will be further honored on Memorial Day when the Hillsboro, North Dakota, Legion Post which bears his name will dedicate a monument which marks his last resting place. He was one of the last of the A. E. F. to come home; killed at Soissons on July 20, 1918, his body was not recovered until November 16, 1935, from a trench along the side of the highway in the Commune of Courmnelles. Positive identification was made by his dog-tag, and his mess kit and canteen on which he had scratched his name. The identification was further confirmed by a gold signet ring of the class of 1916, Hillsboro High School, which still encircled one finger.

"The body of Corporal Spiering was brought to his home in Hillsboro," writes Commander Clarence Anderson of Lynn F. Spiering Post, "and buried with military honors on May 24, 1936. The services were in charge of the Post that bears his name and were attended by the Governor of the State, other high officials, Department officers, and units of the North Dakota National Guard.

"The monument now in course of construction at the grave of Corporal Spiering is being built by members of the Post

and will be officially unveiled at a special service on Memorial Day. The monument is twenty feet square, rising in two steps above the surrounding walk, and surmounted by a shaft six feet high."

### *Honor to Our Mothers*

**"F**OURTEEN years ago while President of San Francisco Unit, American Legion Auxiliary," writes Miss Clytie Sweet, "it was my privilege to originate a little ceremony honoring our war mothers on Mother's Day. San Francisco Post joined in the service and year by year that ceremony has grown until now

1917.' Thus has been immortalized the spirit of the war mothers who, with the flag, stand guard near the cenotaph and cause the visitor to pause a moment in silent tribute and reflection."

### *Leis to Molokai*

**M**OLOKAI, the Friendly Island of the Iiawaiis, is not only a land of marvels, with fine scenic prospects over which malihinis go into ecstasies and kamaainas agree are masterpieces of nature's handiwork, but it is one of the most productive of the island group. Removed from the usual routes of tourist travel,



**Members of Lynn F. Spiering Post, Hillsboro, North Dakota, laying foundation of a monument on grave of soldier for whom their Post was named**

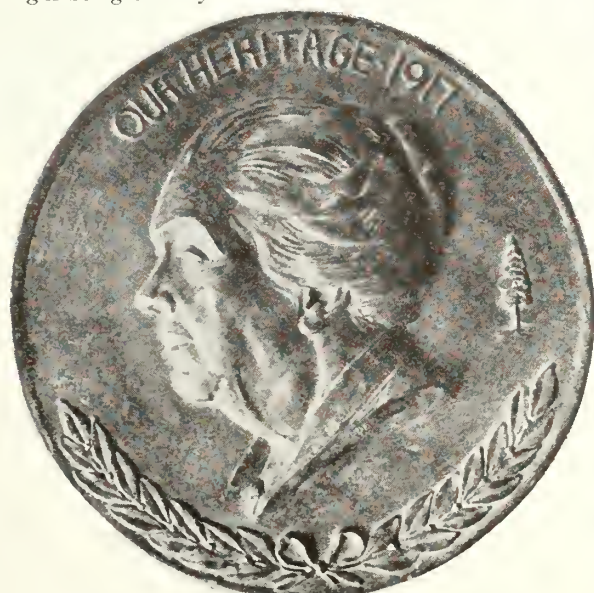
we hope to make it international, recognizing the fact that mother love is universal and knows no barrier of race, nationality or creed.

"Last year, to make the tribute more enduring, a bronze plaque memorializing the war mothers was created for us by Matteo Sandona, noted artist, and was presented to the Unit by Past Commander Phil Katz, of San Francisco Post. This plaque was dedicated with suitable ceremonies on April 28, 1938; the procession was headed by Admiral Hepburn, with representatives of the Army, Marine Corps, the Legion and its affiliated bodies, Scouts, and other groups.

"Today, directly behind the cenotaph in the War Memorial Building, an American flag standing beside it, is our bronze plaque representing the head of a mother who saw life wholly and saw it through. Behind her rises a sequoia and above her head is the inscription 'Our Heritage—

Molokai remains unspoiled—in fact the islanders have made no provision to care for tourists, but there is always a hearty welcome and a home opened to the guest who lands on their shores. Perhaps the sole impression of Molokai has, to some, been derived from frequent references to the isolated leper colony at Kalaupapa or the song about the "Cock-eyed Mayor of Kaunakakai." This Step Keeper does not know whether or not Kaunakakai, the chief town, has a mayor but he does know that the town has one of the most alert Legion Posts in the Department of Hawaii, with membership drawn from all parts of the island.

Commander C. E. Morris writes that Molokai Post has set a fourteen-point program for 1938-1939, part of which has already been achieved and the other objectives under way. Community service and Americanism, as would naturally be expected, are of major importance. "Our experience (Continued on page 54)



**"Our Heritage." San Francisco Auxiliary remembers the service and sacrifice of our war mothers in a special service each year**



**T**HE play's the thing, so we are told. But when the play is combined with everything it takes to make a good show in a setting that can be described only in the superlative, then it becomes a sure thing. At least that is what the folks in and about Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, are thinking of the combination of the Kennett Square Legion players and their annual presentation in the open air theater at nearby Longwood Gardens. Honors are divided; the annual pageant has become something of a tradition in its home locality—almost an institution—and the fame of the Kennett Square plays, like the two-century-old garden where they are produced, has spread abroad over the land.

And why not? The group of players



# The CURTAIN



**Top, a glimpse at one of the beauty spots at Longwood, a corner of the water garden with age-old trees overhanging limpid pools; below, the electric fountains in partial play**

which for ten years has appeared under the sponsorship and direction of William W. Fahey Post, The American Legion, has just about everything needed to enlist and hold public favor—histrionic talent in abundance, unspoiled enthusiasm, capable direction and, what is of greater note, a stage setting that is internationally recognized as one of the outstanding show places of America. Surely that is enough to fix the effort as one of the more important open-air theater activities.

The curtain will rise for the opening of the 1939 season on the night of June 14th, when the players will present "Prunella" as their tenth offering, with a cast of more than two hundred. The play

will be continued through the 15th, 16th and 17th, with an additional performance, given especially for the sick and disabled veterans of the World War who are receiving treatment at the Veterans Administration hospitals at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and Perry Point, Maryland, and a limited number of invited guests. Each succeeding year has increased the popularity of the Kennett Square plays at Longwood and brought a greater au-

dience that has proved fully appreciative of the productions, the efforts of the players and the unsurpassed setting.

While the theater program is distinctly a Legion activity, it has been made possible only by the gracious cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. duPont, who have thrown open their country estate, Longwood, each year to the William W. Fahey Post and their guests, and have granted the use of the open-air theater and all of its facilities to the Legion players. Mr. and Mrs. duPont not only provide the physical equipment in a locality of great natural beauty where, for more than two hundred years, the ingenuity of man has joined with good old Mother Nature in the creation of a garden and





grant made by William Penn to George Pierce in 1702; the old mansion, built of bricks shipped as ballast in sailing vessels, dates from 1730 and still defies the elements after more than two hundred years of use and occupation. To continue further, the property remained in the Pierce family, and was long known as Pierce's Park, until 1906 and it was, of course, members of that family who planned and laid out the original garden.

While the generations of Pierces lent a helping hand to Dame Nature in the collection of trees, flowers and plants, it remained for Mr. duPont to bring the estate to its present grandeur, and on a scale not dreamed of by the original founders. Here the arboretum and flower gardens with endless varieties of flowers and trees; the water garden with its pools,

# RISES *By* K.R. BOWEN and R.P. BREWER



park which, in many respects, is second to none in the world, but are liberal patrons and active supporters of the theater movement.

It is not easy to describe the gardens so that one who has not seen them can appreciate their charm, or catch the perspective opened by winding lanes through columns of age-old trees, or revel in the blaze of color of the gorgeous flowers brought from many lands and tenderly nursed to their finest development. A potent reason why these gardens have such compelling charm and are so breathtaking in their loveliness is that their creation was not the result of a passing whim or to gratify the taste of a single individual, and their building was not the

**The stage in the open air theater at Longwood from which the plays are presented, at top. Below, a view of the great conservatory with another view of the electric fountains**

work of one year or of ten years. These gardens have been built up, year by year, by one generation after another from a plan laid out more than two centuries ago, modest at first, to be sure, and changed from time to time to meet the taste of the current owner and builder. Indeed there are yet surviving sturdy white pines planted back in 1800 when the Longwood arboretum was started.

Historically, Longwood dates from a

fountains and waterfalls; the conservatory, one of the largest in America; the magnificent electric fountains, said to be the finest colored fountains in the world, combine natural beauty and man-created attractions that are a continuous delight to the many thousand people who visit the gardens each year.

One could go on for endless pages describing the marvels of Longwood, as one can spend endless hours wandering about the park, each minute a delight with some new discovery or some new prospect. But no story of the Kennett Square Legion players could be written, and less than half of their accomplishment understood, without telling something, even though in the *(Continued on page 44)*





# BETWEEN



**Memorial Day, 1919. French officers, enlisted men and orphans joined with American soldiers in honoring American dead in the temporary military cemetery at St. Georges, near Perigueux, in Base Section No. 2. At top, those who participated in the services**

**T**WENTY years have sped by since our nation observed the first day of remembrance for the American men who gave their lives in the World War. During the two years preceding that Memorial Day of 1919, a total of 123,500 young Americans had been added to the Honor Rolls of our country. To the 53,381 battle deaths was added a toll of 62,074 lives from disease—principally the flu epidemic both overseas and in camps in this country—while an accident total of 4,531 and deaths from other causes accounted for the rest.

On that Memorial Day of 1919, American observances were almost world-wide—throughout the homeland, in the A. E. F., in England and Italy, in North Russia and Siberia, in our outlying territories—wherever our troops were stationed. Overseas our dead were resting in village cemeteries, in military cemeteries and in isolated graves on the battlefields, as then the establishment of the permanent American cemeteries in Europe or the return of the soldier dead to their homes in the States had not been started. Thousands of our troops were still overseas and thus were able on that first Memorial Day after the end of the fighting to pay personal homage to their fallen comrades.

Joined with them in the services of honor and respect for the dead were soldiers of our Allies and the citizens of the towns near which the temporary burial places were located. Cecil Averill of Olcott, New York, a member of the Legion Post at Newfane, New York, permits us to see two photographs that were taken on Memorial Day, 1919, in the A. E. F. and tells us this about them:

"The enclosed snapshots were taken

in St. Georges, near Perigueux, Dordogne, France, on Decoration Day twenty years ago. As I remember, Base Hospitals Nos. 84 and 93 were located in that part of Base Section No. 2, and no doubt the graves were of American soldiers who had gone West in those hospitals. At the time, I was a member of what was called the Headquarters-at-large of the Railway Transportation Corps with our offices in Tours. My outfit, other R. T. C. units and some French soldiers marched from Perigueux to the cemetery in St. Georges on that day. The other picture shows the group, which included some French orphans in charge of nuns, that participated in the services.

"My original outfit, the 52d Regiment, Transportation Corps, an operating railroad unit, was organized at Camp Upton, New York, on February 18, 1918, and

consisted of Headquarters Company and Companies A, B and C, to receive 774 men. The regiment had some of the best railroad men from thirty-seven States of the Union. On June 7th, the regiment sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, on the *Acolus* and landed in Brest on June 18th. We went into Camp Chamiers, which later became Camp J. J. Hill, near Perigueux. After a few weeks spent in 'gandy-dancing,' the first trip over the road was made on July 15th, between Bordeaux and Montierchaume.

"The boys had it pretty hard at first, sometimes being on duty for stretches of seventy-two hours. Companies A and B ran the trains, and Company C worked in our own round-house. Later Companies A, B and C were changed to the 44th, 45th and 46th Companies, Transportation Corps, respectively, and Head-





quarters Company was transferred to Tours, so they called us Headquarters-at-large. I think Company C, 18th Engineers, was the outfit that helped us build barracks and our round-house at Camp J. J. Hill.

"My own small share in the war consisted at first of carrying dispatches and the mail, and later just the mail for Camp J. J. Hill. I came home before the rest of the outfit, so I don't know how long they were in France after June, 1919. Memories? I recall the story of the daily trainload of wheat for Switzerland which, it was said, had to be turned over to the Germans as the price of Swiss neutrality. Quite often a French wine train would be side-tracked nearby, and you can imagine what happened—'rum chaude' for the

wartime loan was made by me, it was paid back. As evidence I am offering the check drawn in payment. It was this way: I was associated with Battery A, 1st Field Artillery, New Jersey National Guard, for a number of years before the war, at the outbreak of which I was serving as recruiting officer for said battery. While fulfilling my duties I was fortunate in enlisting a number of associates in Newark Lodge 21, B. P. O. Elks, of which I had been a member for years, and among them was James E. Reed, otherwise known as 'Ginny.'

"That battery eventually became a part of the 112th Field Artillery Regiment, 29th Division, and in time went overseas to help win the war. Well, after the Armistice I was in my billet in a small



voices were heard out in the hallway engaged in a conversation which sounded something like this:

"1ST VOICE: You gotta nerve busting in on the skipper like this.

"GINNY: What are you talking about—I know that guy.

"1ST VOICE: Yes, but you gotta half a

can on. Better take it easy.

"GINNY: You don't know that guy, he gets one on himself.

"1ST VOICE: I'm gonna beat it.

"GINNY: G'wan, he's a brother Elk of mine; I'll pull that on him.

"2D VOICE: All right, go ahead, it's your funeral.

"MOONEY (that's me): What's going on out there? Who's there?

"GINNY: It's Private Reed, captain.

"MOONEY: Well, Reed, what do you want?

"GINNY: We're broke.

"MOONEY: What am I supposed to do? Cry about it?

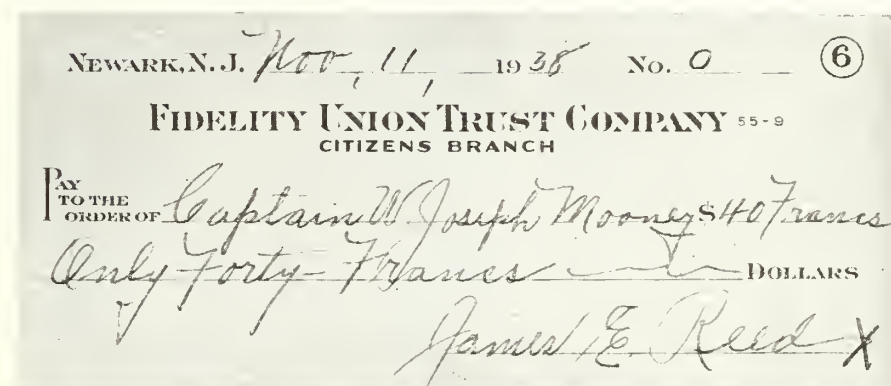
"GINNY: Now wait a minute, captain,

# the CROSSES

flu. Theater passes allowing leave from camp until 11:30 P. M., and the promenade through the park every evening and on Sundays. After the Armistice we had a Service Corps Band that alternated with a French band for concerts in the park. I wonder what has become of our railway gang?"

YOU may think it a strange combination in that check you see—drawn on the Fidelity Union Trust Company of Newark, New Jersey, in the sum of *forty francs*. But the story concerning it is stranger yet and we'll let one of the two men most concerned, W. J. Mooney of Summit (New Jersey) Post of the Legion, whose home is at 911 Springfield Avenue in that city, have the pleasure of telling it:

"Believe it or not, twenty years after a



hotel at the railhead of Jussy in Alsace-Lorraine, about 9:30 one night, entertaining some brother officers in a friendly game of draw poker. Suddenly several

**Last Armistice Day was payday for Captain Mooney. At their first meeting since the war, Private Reed repaid a forty-franc wartime loan**



At the end of the 1917-1918 season, basketball players of the Sub Base at Coco Solo, Canal Zone, and other gobs from submarines at that Base, celebrated with a keg party

you know how it is. I was expecting some money from home and today is my birthday; the boys decided to give me a party—you know, all brother Elks, but they ain't got no money.

"MOONEY: Well, how much do you want?

"2D VOICE: Get enough, Ginny!

"GINNY: Oh, about forty francs.

"MOONEY: Forty francs! What are you going to do, buy the place out?

"GINNY: I gotta take care of about a dozen guys.

"MOONEY: All right, here's your forty francs, but don't forget Reveille in the morning.

"GINNY: O. K., captain!

"Well, I don't know where the forty francs went, but I do know they all appeared for Reveille a little the worse for wear, but not so bad.—And all that happened twenty years ago last November.

"Last November 11th, I was on the committee for the Armistice Day parade





**Lumberjacks of the 10th and 20th Forestry Engineer Regiments played an early-season game in February, 1918, at Dax, France. At right, Batter up! Above, the 10th Engineers Volunteer Band entertained the fans during lulls in the game**

and celebration, and who should I find in the parade but Ginny Reed—first time I had seen him since we returned from over there. At the committee dinner at the Elks Club following the parade, Ginny, amid mock ceremony, repaid the forty-franc loan—drawing the enclosed check and presenting it to me. That check isn't worth more than seven cents in present exchange rates—well, let's make it a dollar and seven cents—but I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it! Be sure to return the check—I'm going to frame it!"

That isn't the first repaid loan that we've heard about—in fact, this department acted as go-between for a number of lenders and borrowers of wartime. And of one thing we're rather proud—in all cases the fellows who borrowed money wanted to return it. Never a case of "dunning" from lenders has come to our attention.

**W**E haven't had a visit down to the Canal Zone for quite some time, so let's take a look at what some of the

outfits down there were doing during the time of the big war. The basketball season hasn't been over so very long, so let us enjoy, in memory, of course, a party that a bunch of gob basketballers staged at the end of their 1917-1918 season. The party is pictured in these pages, and we nominate ex-Gob J. H. Winter, now Child Welfare Chairman of Deer Creek (Minnesota) Post to the role of guide and lecturer. Spin your yarn, Comrade Winter:

"Having served about twenty months on the Sub Base and the Air Station in Coco Solo, Canal Zone, during the war, I sometimes wonder what has happened to the gang of gobs that were down there. It wasn't such a dull place for gobs when the town of Colon was open to the Navy.

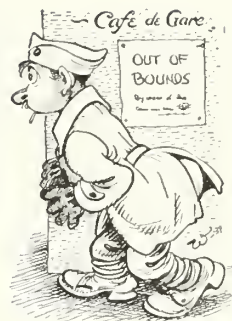
"I was a cook on the Sub Base and also on the Air Station and was known to all of the fellows as 'Butch' Winter. I also was captain of the basketball team which consisted of Fuqua, Collins, Banks, Ramsey, Barlow and Gerk. We had a swell team and had lots of boosters. We played games on both sides of the Isthmus, mostly with Army teams. After our season ended we celebrated with a party at which we had a couple of kegs and we found we just couldn't take it! I am enclosing a picture of the party which was held at Sweet Water Bay, across the bay from Coco Solo.

"I am the gob lying down in front. The rest are all basketball players, including our athletic officer and all of our team except Collins. The other men were from the Subs C2, C3 and C5, if I remember correctly. Our athletic officer was E. R. Stephenson, a warrant gunner and a swell sport. Before the party ended, Stephenson was out on a limb of a tree over the

water and some of the others and I started the limb swaying. Finally it broke and some of the gobs had to go out into the bay and drag E. R. in. None of the old gang will forget that.

"We had a swell band of which the bandmaster was Huppe, a great fellow. Wonder why no one has told the Then and Now Gang about that band. There was also a German sub, the *UB-88* that was captured and brought into Coco Solo. I never did get the straight of that story.

"I wonder what became of the three

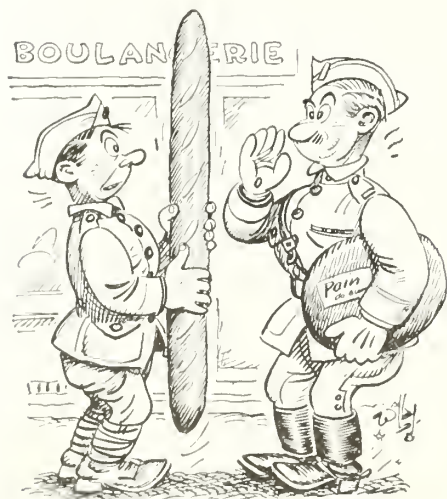


gobs that were in an observation balloon that broke away with them not knowing how to operate it. They finally landed in the bay and one of them couldn't swim. And how many remember the trips to the Chagres River where the French first started to build a canal some years before our country did the job.

"Wish I could get a picture of the spider monkey that was on the air station. When it died, it was given a military burial on the coral reef in back of Hangar No. 2, with Lieutenant Bryant reading the service. That monkey was the life of the party while it was still around.

"Why don't some of the Zone gobs tell of what happened on Armistice Day down there. I wasn't there then but at the Azores Islands with the U. S. S. *Alert* and the *L5*, *L6*, *L7* and *L8*, subs. After the Armistice we went to Bermuda, thence to Cuba and back to the Zone, where I transferred back to the Sub Base. Stayed in service until August, 1920, when I was discharged at Bay Ridge and was glad to get out. I am in hopes that some of the old gang will write to me."

**N**OW that the baseball season is in full swing," writes Legionnaire C. E. Perkins, who is connected with the Tennessee Electric Power Company at Columbia, Tennessee, "it recalled to my mind a baseball game that took place at Dax, France, on February 24, 1918,





between the 20th Engineers and 10th Engineers, both of them Forestry regiments.

"The result of this game was 1 to 0 in favor of the 10th Engineers at the end of the fourteenth inning—and what a whale of a game it was! I belonged to the 10th Engineers' Volunteer Band and remember well the excitement and fun that we had on that occasion. I am enclosing snapshots showing our band and also some action during the game when a fellow was trying to bunt. It looked for a while that the game would go on and on and finally be called on account of darkness, but finally the 10th Engineers came through with a run in the fourteenth inning that put the game on ice. Our volunteer band not only played for the baseball game but gave a concert at the Casino at Dax.

"The 10th Engineers (Forestry) was organized soon after war was declared and was assembled at Camp American University in Washington, D. C., and after a very few days of training was sent overseas. If my memory serves me correctly, the outfit sailed on the R. M. S. *Carpathia* from New York on September 10, 1917, going by way of Bedford Bay, Nova Scotia, where she waited approximately a week for the convoy to gather. The *Carpathia* landed its soldiers—the first Americans to land in Scotland—at Glasgow. From Glasgow, the 10th Engineers were sent to Southampton and thence over to Le Havre, finally ending its journey south of Bordeaux at a place called Parentis. The 10th Engineers, Forestry, was the first unit of its kind organized but later on the 20th Engineers, Forestry, was organized on a much larger scale and the 10th Engineers was merged with it. That made the 20th Engineers, with its 18,500 men, the largest regiment ever organized."

SERVICE athletics seem to be in the limelight in this issue, so let's add another and rather more unusual—for the Army—activity that was found up in the Rhineland after the Armistice. Basketball in the Canal Zone, baseball in France, and now a swimming team—of which we show a picture on page 50—in Germany. We are glad to show this picture because it was submitted to us by Legionnaire R. W. Bennett of Babson Park, Florida, more months ago than we like to admit. But there it is—and here is what Comrade Bennett reports about the group:

"The picture that I am sending to you was taken in April or May, 1919, in Neuwied, Germany, which was the recreational center or Leave Area for the troops in the Army of Occupation. The pool was conducted by the Y. M. C. A. I had been a member of Company B, 54th Infantry of the Sightseeing Sixth Division, and was on detached service as a member of the Army of Occupation swimming team. Many of the men on the team were from the Marine Corps. I am the man (Continued on page 58)

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR  
HIGHWAYS AND HORIZONS EXHIBIT

THIS IS A MOST SPECTACULAR EXHIBIT, JUDGE. IT TAKES ONLY 15 MINUTES TO SEE THE AMERICA OF 1960 ALONG HUNDREDS OF MILES OF EXPRESS HIGHWAYS.

ARE WE IN A HURRY? I'D LIKE TO STAND OUT IN THE SUN A WHILE AND ENJOY A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT

THAT'S A GRAND IDEA. I'M GOING TO LOAD UP WITH P.A. TOO!

THIS EXHIBIT IS IN MODEL FORM, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING FROM THESE ELEVATED MOVING CHAIRS.

YOU MEAN WE'LL HAVE HIGHWAYS LIKE THIS IN 1960?

WELL, THAT'S JUST ONE IDEA OF WHAT THEY MAY BE LIKE

MECHANICAL VOICE IN BACK OF CHAIRS: HERE, THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY OF 1960 PASSES AN INDUSTRIAL SECTION

BUT THINGS MOVE SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO PREDICT EXACTLY WHAT'S TO COME IN 1960

THANK GOODNESS THERE'S ONE THING WE PIPE-SMOKERS CAN ALWAYS BE SURE OF—THAT'S A MILD, TASTY SMOKE EVERY TIME WITH PRINCE ALBERT

WELL, I'M GLAD TOO THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL 1960 FOR THE PLEASURE PRINCE ALBERT PUTS IN A PIPE

WE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS HAVE A BIG EDGE ON THE REST OF THE WORLD. WE'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO PUT A LOT MORE ENJOYMENT INTO OUR DAY

YOU BET, JUDGE! THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.

ON ELEVATED SIDEWALK — CITY OF 1960 (ACTUAL SIZE)

## THE "THEME" FOR SMOKING JOY

SO MILD—SO TASTY

**NO-RISK OFFER STILL GOES**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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WHETHER YOU TALK MILDNESS, RICH TASTE, OR EASY DRAWING YOU'RE TALKING PRINCE ALBERT!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT  
CRIMP CUT  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PA'S ONE SWELL 'MAKIN'S PARTNER TOO. ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES MELLOWER—AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE



# FRONT and CENTER

## THE LUDLOW AMENDMENT

*To the Editor:* Your article on the Ludlow proposition, with the letter from Mrs. Asmussen, should be effective contributions to the discussion. The reference to propaganda deserves special mention, because it is the essential cause of the development of un-American influences.

The assumption that American constitutional government is so indefinite in its purpose and objective, that it is a matter of opinion to be developed by the strategy of false statements, appealing to avarice, jealousy and class hatred to gain control of the nation, is the fallacy by which subversive influences operate.

As the Ludlow idea would render this nation helpless and an easy victim of foreign aggression, many other ideas are promulgated about money, wealth and government, which actually prevent the successful operation of our banking and business activities, thus affording excuse for the substitution of dictatorial powers in the form of communism or socialism.

Is it not astounding, that American leaders in law, education and government should invite foreign professors to explain American democracy? Do they not realize that those who are permitted to interpret our Constitution and our laws are the rulers of the nation? Is it true that Americans lack the intelligence to apply the principles which underlie our social organization and must relin-

quish authority to interpret the basic law?

The American system is founded upon the proposition that government should interpret the actions of its citizens and determine what it wants its citizens to do, as distinguished from the idea that government should decide what it is to do *for* the people and that the people exist merely to serve the purpose of those in control of government.

That is why we have the right of contract, as the means of interpreting individual actions and all the other rights defined in the Constitution and common law. That is why we have the right of private ownership, a standard test of solvency and the lawful determination of responsibility in connection with those rights. In other words, the administration of justice based upon uniform principles of integrity, with no man above the law.

—W. F. FOWLER, *Lynbrook, New York.*

## DIRECTION FINDING

*To the Editor:* In a recent issue of your magazine there was an article "Look Aloft!" by Robert Ginsburgh. After reading this story of how the North Carolina Legionnaires coöperated with the Signal Corps of the Regular Army in a make believe air raid, I could not help but recall something that has always irritated me—how few persons can point out directions as these would be given by a compass. This is something that all

thinking persons are interested in, but do nothing about, as few of them ever own or even see a compass. It is my opinion that this can be overcome and made interesting and attractive by placing bronze arrows in concrete in the city squares of America, to act as compasses.

It is possible that what was started by the North Carolina Legionnaires will become nationwide in scope. I believe the above mentioned arrows would be a good medium to make the public compass conscious. Each Legion Post could imbed its compass at small cost. There is an example of this here at Mountain Home, Tennessee, which has two of these stationary compasses at conspicuous points, and if a plane should fly over, all but the dumbest would know in which direction it was traveling.—J. W. BYRNE, *Mountain Home, Tennessee.*

## ABOUT EMPLOYMENT

*To the Editor:* Our Government would have less relief roll cases among veterans and other American citizens if many chronic alien complainers could be persuaded to accept a one-way free trip back to their native land at government expense.

Our Government issued a ruling just a few years ago granting Filipinos the privilege of returning to their homeland with all expenses paid; whether this ruling is still effective I do not know. If

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## TWENTY YEARS OF THE LEGION

*Thousands of words over the air, in American newspapers and magazines felicitated The American Legion on its twentieth birthday, in mid-March. The following editorial from The New York Sun of March 16th is typical:*

Twenty years ago today, in Paris, the first steps were taken in the organization of what has become a powerful and characteristically American organization—The American Legion. Other veterans' organizations, like the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Jewish War Veterans, the Disabled American Veterans and the American Veterans Association, have as members thousands of World War veterans, but The American Legion has recruited a majority of the veterans who desire to belong to any organization. Powerful and active as The American Legion now is and has been, if the history

of the Grand Army of the Republic is any criterion its membership and its influence are both certain to increase over the next five or ten years.

The true importance of The American Legion lies in its representative character. Just as the men eligible for membership in The American Legion were drawn from cities and towns and hamlets, just as they came from every condition and walk of life, so The American Legion today, organized in thousands of Posts, represents all kinds and conditions of Americans. The national organization, in particular the American Legion lobby at Washington, gets more attention from the American public than the thousands of local Posts, yet the work which the local Posts do, in the way of community and social welfare, is a vital part of The American Legion's contribution to society. The national convention, a brief and sometimes noisy exhibit in good fellowship, gets a

hundred times the notice that is given to the local post meetings, where persistent efforts bring forth good fruit and where one campaign or another yields dividends in good citizenship.

The American Legion Post that contributes an iron lung to a city hospital or that sends a dozen poor boys away to camp or that tries to set the feet of young boys in the right path or that coöperates with the police in a safety campaign—this is the characteristic unit of The American Legion, working without fanfare and without publicity. The national organization wins instant attention from the whole land when it campaigns for prepayment of the bonus, for instance, but if the history of the first twenty years of The American Legion were to be written in detail, the constructive contribution of the local Posts would bulk ten times larger than that of the national organization.



rescinded it should be revived and made an active statute.

There are numerous cases where aliens would return to the land of their birth if financially able; I can see no reason why anyone should not have that opportunity afforded him—in fact, America would fare better without their presence and their conglomeration of alienisms.—V. K. MCKINNEY, *Jack London Post, Sonoma, California.*

*To the Editor:* I respectfully suggest an article for the Legion Magazine on the subject of unemployment, viz: When you are in the market for a house, automobile, electrical equipment, etc., etc., ask for a veteran when you call at your merchant or sales house; you will be sure to learn that a veteran is selling the article you wish to buy. He would make the sale and thereby help to keep his employment. Another thing, when he is out of work, he will find that his services are in demand by the merchant because other veterans will ask for him when they are in the market for an auto, etc. My Adjutant called me on the phone for my dues, which I paid; he in turn bought a car from me. You'll find thousands of veterans earning a living by selling; we can help him to help himself. So please start the ball rolling.—L. CLARKSON HINES, *Falls Church, Virginia.*

#### A DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY

*To the Editor:* The correct definition of "democracy" is now under discussion. Our immediate Past National Commander Daniel Doherty gave the best one when he told the "boo-ers" in a Columbia University audience: "Because I have the right to say what I am saying, and you have the right to 'boo' me for saying it, is proof that we live in a democracy."—LEON SCHWARZ, *Lamar Y. McLeod Post, Mobile, Alabama.*

#### A COLLEGE OF DIPLOMACY

*To the Editor:* There is a job which the Legion could do that would serve as a living memorial to the Legion and would be a great benefit to the United States.

This thought was brought to my attention in reading over the results of the trade agreement between the United States and Great Britain. When our people go into the European and British countries to negotiate, it is like sending a boy to do a man's job. Our representatives are generally the result of a political election or for patronage due to financial aid in an election. Their background, training and ability generally cannot be compared with that of the statesman who has spent a lifetime in the work.

In checking over the last agreement, it appears that we shall surely come out second best and it seems to me that it is high time this great country established a college to teach government service and diplomacy. It should be on an equal standing with Annapolis and West Point.

Such a college could take up American boys and girls if you wish, through competitive examinations in the different States and territories; place them in a four-year training course to include English and foreign languages, American and European (Continued on page 62)

## You Get Better-Looking Shaves Double-Quick With This New *Gillette Blade* at ½ Price!



**Super-Keen Edges of Radically New Kind Protect Your Skin from Smart and Burn Caused by Misfit Blades.**



**4 for 10c  
8 for 19c**

FOR guaranteed shaving comfort at a real saving . . . the new Thin Gillette is the blade for you. Selling at only 10c for 4 . . . this blade gives you quicker, easier, better-looking shaves every time. Super-keen edges of a radically improved kind are honed on easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass. That's why the Thin Gillette glides through tough whiskers without drag or pull . . . shaves tender skin smoothly without smart or burn . . . outperforms and outlasts ordinary blades two to one! Buy a package of Thin Gillette Blades from your dealer today. You get comfortable, refreshing shaves and save money at the same time.

### Only Gillette Can Produce Razor Blades of True Gillette Quality!

IT takes a world of equipment and years of knowing how to make razor blades that are worthy of the greatest name in shaving. Gillette alone has the facilities and experience to do this. That is why . . . re-

gardless of price . . . today's Gillette Blades give you the most that money can buy in shaving comfort and satisfaction. Prove this. See for yourself why Gillette Blades are the outstanding first choice of men the world over!

## You Men Who Want Utmost Shaving Luxury Of Course Demand . . .

## The *Gillette Blue Blade*

MEN who want the finest razor blade money can buy, get it by asking for the Gillette Blue Blade. Here is a luxury every man can afford—for it costs less than one cent a day. Don't let anyone talk you out of it. Rely on your own judgment and try today's Gillette Blue Blade. Buy a package of these

superior blades from your dealer today on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction.



**5 for 25c**





# Princess Mimi

(Continued from page 21)

himself. He maneuvered around to the rear of the building, slipped into the back door of Dr. Plato's booth and hid under a wide table.

Finally the boardwalk emptied itself. Dr. Plato brought in his easel and display board. He lowered the wooden shutters of his booth and happily counted up his take. He securely locked up the back door and went to his hotel.

It was an hour or more before isolated footsteps ceased entirely on the boardwalk. The mongrel lay as still as if somewhere in his generously mixed ancestry a casual contribution had been made by an aristocratic but philandering bird-dog. Princess Mimi held a levee in the romantic shrubbery between the dog's shoulder blades, surrounded by an admiring bevy of fleas.

At last the dog crawled slowly out from under the table and began a careful search of his surroundings. In the darkness he bumped the legs of the easel. Dr. Plato's display board fell to the floor with a clatter. The startled dog squatted on his belly and lay still until all was quiet again. As he lay, the delicate nerves of his nose discerned a human odor that was very comforting. He crawled toward the source of the discovery and found a large flat surface where the companionable aroma was strongest. At last he curled up in the center of the empty display board and went comfortably to sleep.

The next morning at ten o'clock Dr. Plato strode importantly down the boardwalk toward his studio. Generous with the flush of success, he dropped in to pass the time of day with Professor Gaston and his troupe of tiny performers. The professor was sadly arranging the paraphernalia of his circus.

"Howdy, Professor Gaston. And how are you and your cute little fambly this morning?"

The professor welcomed someone with whom to talk about his miseries: "Ah! Monsieur le Docteur! But it ees terrible! My Princess Mimi, ze queen of my circus, she is elope on ze back of ze filthy dog! Oh! Ah! I am ze ruined man!"

Dr. Plato exclaimed heartily: "Cam yourself, Professor, cam yourself! What is one flea more or less? Why, you can go down the street and turn anybody's collar back and ketch three or four fleas any time. Cam yourself, Professor."

"But no, no, Doctor Plato! You do not comprehend. Ze fleas are like ze human beings. Out of ze one million people we find ze one genius. Out of ze one million fleas we find only ze one Princess Mimi!"

The Professor paced back and forth in his distress. Dr. Plato patted him on the back.

"Now see here, Professor, you just got to cam yourself or you will be havin' the jitters. Why, shame on you, Professor, takin' on like this just about a little insecck that you can replace any time. Now take me. Why I wouldn't even make all that fuss if somebody stole my famous



display board that it took me twenty years to make up! Cam yourself, Professor, and come on over to my studio after while. So long, see you later."

Dr. Plato, full of a good deed done, and now happily whistling "Thanks for the Memory" through his whiskers, crossed to his studio. As he inserted his key and opened the door, a streak of black and gray scooted between his astonished legs.

"Scat! Git out! A wild varmint! Scat! Help!" By the time Dr. Plato focused his bi-focals, the dog was a hundred yards away, up the boardwalk. "Well, I'll be danged! A dog? And if it ain't the same dog what stole the professor's Mimi flea! Been a sleepin' in my place all night. Wonder how he got in here? Poor little feller. Too bad he run away. If he'd a stayed here I'd a taken him over to Joe, the hamburger king, and got him three, four pounds of ground meat. I always did love dogs. Poor little pooch." Big hearted Dr. Plato proceeded cheerily to take down the wooden shutters from the front of his booth.

Two minutes later Professor Gaston, who was resignedly giving a lesson on the tiny aerial trapeze to Princess Mimi's understudy, heard a sudden commotion across the way in Dr. Plato's studio. He saw the florid face of the venerable doctor sticking out from his booth. The doctor was waving his arms, and through his white beard there poured a torrent of oaths, punctuating his "Help! Police! Dang it! Wah Hoo! Fire! Dang it, dang it! Get the dog catcher! Wah——!"

Professor Gaston dropped the surprised and ambitious flea understudy. He hurriedly limped across the boardwalk and entered Dr. Plato's studio. He tried to soothe the excited old practitioner. "But oh, my dear le Docteur! Why ees ze agitation? Calm yourself, I entreat you! Calm yourself!"

"Cam myself! How can I cam myself? That danged flea-trap of a dirty cur has been in my booth all night and scratched off every one of the specimens off my display board! Even includin' my Great Admiral Dewey Corn! Dang it! I'm ruind! What's more, that dern dog not only scratched off all my specimens, eight hundred and forty-two of 'em, but then he laid down and went to sleep on my display board, judgin' from the dog hairs stickin' all over it! Look at it! I only wish I had a tommy gun! I'd hunt that dern cur down if it took all summer! Dang a confounded dog anyway!"

Dr. Plato fell into his office chair, a broken and trembling old man.

Professor Gaston limped back and forth across the floor, gesticulating: "Mon dieu! Ze contemptible pig-dog! First he keednap my Princess Mimi, and now he ruin your magnifique specimens! Le cochon! Le diable!"

AS PROFESSOR Gaston limped across the floor to soothe Dr. Plato, the latter exclaimed impatiently: "What are you limpin' around like that there for, Professor?"

"Oh, I possess ze most terrible corn, Docteur! Last night I keek ze dog and now it ees excrutiate! Oh! Ah! I cannot stand eet!"

In spite of his grief, Dr. Plato's professional instinct asserted itself: "A corn? Heck! Take your sock off! Let me have a look at it. I'll just fix that up pronto!"

Professor Gaston tenderly removed his sock and held his foot out. Dr. Plato bent over to make his preliminary examination. Suddenly he snapped his reading glasses on and bent over: "Great Gosh-



mighty! Why, Professor! Gee Whiz! That's the biggest corn I ever see in fifty years of practice! It's simply colossal!"

Dr. Plato hastened to his instrument case and returned with a pair of micrometer calipers. He made a series of intricate measurements. He jerked up, almost speechless with amazement: "Well, I'll be hornswoggled! Yes, siree! That there corn of yours, Professor, is a full thirty-second of an inch bigger in diameter than the famous Admiral Dewey Corn! Why, Professor Gaston, it'll make us both famous!"

"I'll tell you just what I'll do, Professor! I'll take your corn off absolutely free of charge and use it for my great Central Corn! I'll make up a new display card. Why, I'll be back in business before you know it. Wah Hoo! We're going places from here!"

PROFESSOR Gaston bubbled with pride at the proposed honor. He made a courtly bow: "Merci, merci, Docteur! Thank you! But yet, what will you do for ze hundreds of lesser corns which it will be required?"

"Oh shucks! I have a dozen fruit jars full of all kinds of specimens!" The doctor swept his arm along a shelf lined with glass repositories. "With your magnificent corn as a center piece, I'll have a new display card fixed up before the night show."

See here, for instance I'll just take this here old pasteboard and turn it over and start on the other side. The front side is full of glue and dog hairs. Drat that dang dog! Anyway, the back side is nice and clean."

The doctor picked up the display board, turned it over and laid it on the table: "Now look here, Professor. Right here in the very center is where your famous corn will go." Doctor Plato designated the exact spot with the point of his calipers. Professor Gaston leaned over with a mutual pride. As he did so he noticed a tiny object give a feeble tremble. He bent far over the display board, examined it closely, and with emotion cried out:

"Mon Dieu! Voilà! It ees Princess Mimi! My exquisite one!"

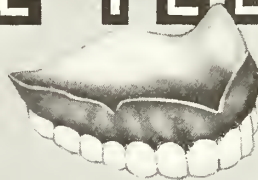
With a quick movement, Professor Gaston grabbed the little white box with the gold star on it from his vest pocket, removed the lid, and held it in front of his prima donna. Leaning far over he whispered:

"Mimi! Ma chérie! My little one! Ma petite Princess!"

Princess Mimi flirted her tail with the old gesture of recognition. She hopped into her royal bed. She cuddled into the soft cotton with a tremor of satisfied relaxation. She had been out all night. She had seen the world—and how! She was a moderne.

As one Confucius is said to have said: "Fleas, dogs and men all nibble together at the rind of life."

# Does your breath broadcast "I WEAR FALSE TEETH"?



Does their stained look shout "False"?

**PLAY SAFE · USE POLIDENT**

**PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"  
PURIFIES PLATES LIKE NEW...WITHOUT BRUSHING!**

There's no need to broadcast the fact you have false teeth. But you will—unless you take steps to prevent those two tell-tale signs: stains and offensive Denture Breath—both the result of half-clean plates or removable bridges.

People who wear plates or bridges often suffer from a special kind of bad breath. Dentists call it—"denture breath".

You won't know if you have it—but it can spoil your happiness. Friends will shudder—people avoid you! And the worst of it is that ordinary brushing may not prevent it. Neither will mouth washes. For the odor comes from a mucin-seum that collects on plates and bridges. This seum soaks up germs and decay bacteria and causes a vile odor that *you* cannot detect.

One thing that definitely will stop "denture breath" is Polident! This new brushless cleaner has won the approval of thousands of dentists. Users say it's a blessing.

Polident not only purifies false teeth—but also removes all stain, tarnish and deposits. Makes breath sweeter—plates look better and feel better. Sold at all drug stores—3 oz. can 30¢—7 oz. can 60¢. And your money back if not delighted. Wernet Dental Mfg. Co., Inc., 190 Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

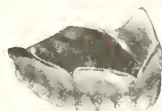


"I'VE CHANGED FALSE  
TEETH CLEANING  
FROM A PROBLEM  
TO A PLEASURE!"

**HALF-  
CLEAN**

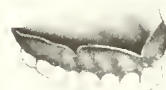
**with brushing**

Germs and decay bacteria breed by the million in stains, film and deposits on plates—often cause sore gums, sour-breath and even serious infection.



**REALLY  
CLEAN  
with  
POLIDENT**

Even worst old stains, film, deposits and odors vanish. Teeth become whiter, brighter—gums look more alive and natural.



## POLIDENT

**WORKS LIKE MAGIC**

Add a little Polident Powder to  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.





# Out of Their Own Mouths

(Continued from page 11)

suppression of free speech by the A.C.L.U. itself.

This organization furnished bail in the sum of \$28,500 for five of the communists who were being prosecuted for murdering the chief of police of Gastonia, North Carolina. Those convicted jumped bail and fled to Russia. One of them, Fred E. Beal, disillusioned after several years under the Soviet dictatorship, left Russia and wrote a series of newspaper syndicate articles exposing the slavery, persecution and starvation to which Russian workers were being subjected.

Thereupon, it should be noted, Harry F. Ward and Roger Baldwin, both writing in the name of the A.C.L.U., rushed into print in the Communist press, attacking Mr. Beal for ingratitude and for daring to publish the truth as he saw it.

JUST so far as they betray liberty in Russia by refusing to protest against Soviet acts of arbitrariness and violence, to say nothing of condoning or applauding them, they are betraying liberty all over the world.

And in 1930 Mr. Baldwin issued a statement that "in the next session of Congress our job is to organize the opposition to the recommendations of the Congressional committee investigating communism."

But the most damning document of all is an article by Mr. Baldwin in the magazine, "Soviet Russia Today," September,

1934 (page 11), at just the time when he was assuring the newspapers of the broad policy of the A.C.L.U. to protect the civil liberties of all, communists and capitalists alike. In this article he assured his comrades of the Third Internationale as follows (the italics are his):

Those of us who champion civil liberties in the United States and who at the same time support the proletarian dictatorship of the Soviet Union are charged with inconsistency and insincerity . . . On the face of the argument, our critics have a case . . . But our critics are in error in denying to us a class position . . . I champion civil liberty as the best of the non-violent means of building the power on which workers' rule must be based. If I aid the reactionaries to get free speech now and then, if I go outside the class struggle to fight against censorship, it is only because those liberties help to create a more hospitable atmosphere for working class liberties. *The class struggle is the central conflict of the world; all others are incidental. When that power of the working class is once achieved, as it has been only in the Soviet Union, I am for maintaining it by any means whatever.*

Thus Mr. Baldwin, while assuring the American public that the Civil Liberties Union is interested in protecting the constitutional rights of all persons, is busily assuring his communist comrades that the activities of the Union are merely a means to an end, namely the advance-

ment of communism, that his half-hearted defense of harassed conservatives is merely camouflage, and that when communism finally triumphs in America his comrades will find him in the forefront of those who are then suppressing civil liberties!

IN VIEW of this two-faced insincerity of the man who is the Civil Liberties Union, it is indeed fortunate that the American Bar Association, at its 1938 Convention, started a genuine movement for the protection of the civil rights of all persons, irrespective of whether they stand to the left or to the right of center. In this connection, President Hogan of the Bar Association said:

Violations of the Bill of Rights are intolerable, no matter whom they affect, and whether they be committed by the mayor of an American city, a committee of the United States Senate, an administrative tribunal, a Government Department, contemptuous of constitutional limitations and reckless of the rights of others

Meanwhile loyal Americans are advised to steer clear of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization whose anomalous interest in civil liberties consists in defending the right of communists to agitate for the eventual abolition of the self-same civil liberties which give them this right to agitate.

## Bulwarks of Democracy

(Continued from page 25)

eye Boys' State, in commenting on eligibility says: "The boy should be selected because of his qualities of honor, courage, scholarship, leadership and service." In the main similar standards of selection prevail in other States.

Once the young citizens are selected and have reported to their respective seats of government, they find themselves regarded as adult citizens—eligible voters instead of schoolboys. Their actual experience in democratic living begins. Immediately upon registration political parties develop, and the wheels of governmental organization are set in motion. They dissect the machinery of government, examine and study its component parts, then assemble it into a well organized institution of service, designed to meet the needs and the will of those whom it should protect.

With a few exceptions, the various Boys' State organizations have available excellent citizenship manuals especially prepared by leading lawyers and promi-

nent public authorities for use as basic texts. Notable among these is the "Ohio Government in Brief," the first in the field, used by Buckeye Boys' State. With these manuals as texts, and with a skilled corps of counselors to point the way through any particularly knotty problem, the young citizens go about the task of creating the city, county and state governments under which they will live for the short period ahead of them.

THE period of instruction in the States varies from one to fourteen days, with the majority of the States holding sessions seven or eight days in length. During that period the young citizens organize their own city, county and state governments. They choose their own officials in accordance with the regular election procedures. They have their own city councils, they enact their own ordinances; they introduce and argue their own bills in the legislature. Justice is administered by their own law enforcement agencies

and courts. Here each boy "learns to do by doing." Not only does he review knowledge already acquired in school concerning the political machinery of a commonwealth, but he finds himself performing exactly the same functions as a citizen in the everyday world. In effect, he has lived as the citizen of a mythical forty-ninth State usually patterned after his own state government.

While the general plan of organization of Boys' State does not vary widely among the various States, there has been considerable development in the program. Athletics, sightseeing and entertainment have been arranged to break the continuity of study. Intra-mural athletics and competition along city and county lines have been developed under experienced athletic directors.

Recent innovations in the program are a Negro Boys' State in West Virginia, and a Girls' State in Delaware. R. Worth Shumaker, Chief Counselor of Mountaineer Boys' State, reports that 50



colored boys attended the first Negro Boys' State in the nation last summer. Dr. Samuel Engle Burr, Commander of the Department of Delaware and Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the 1938 session of Boys' State in that State, added a real innovation to his program by inviting participation of girls. The American Legion Auxiliary of Illinois, not to be outdone by Delaware, expects to hold a one-day Girls' State session this summer.

In 1936, Illinois was joined by Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia in the movement. A year later, Indiana, Kansas, California and Oregon initiated the program. Spreading by this time like wildfire, Boys' State organizations were effected in the summer of 1938 in Alabama, Delaware, Iowa, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Vermont.

The program thus literally stretched from ocean to ocean.

Departments of The American Legion which have indicated their intention to hold sessions during the summer of 1939 are Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Virginia, Wisconsin and Maryland. Others with the problem under consideration are Arkansas, Louisiana, New Jersey and Washington.

AS EACH new State adds its name to the growing list, as each State completes a summer's work and committees perfect the plan previously used, the program's effectiveness becomes manifest. In the mind of each youth additional worth is being attached to his appointment as a citizen of his Legion Department's citizenship laboratory. That this laboratory is beginning to bear fruit may be seen in a speech by an Illinois boy, Lester Gootnick, before the General Assembly of the State of Illinois. In commenting on his experiences in Boys' State, he said:

"For the first time in my life I saw my generation in action; not the regimented mass movements of European youth, but clean, free and individualistic activity. To see 1400 boys working in harmony, willingly, gladly, would impress even the most blasé observer."

In such boys as those, in such movements as this one, lies the Legion's and its Americanism Commission's answer to the "isms" and dictatorships of Europe.

We hope that Boys' State is here to stay, but it will endure only so long as Legionnaires give it the support it merits; only so long as it is kept within the confines of the purposes for which it was founded, and only so long as the Legionnaires and other supporting sponsoring organizations are satisfied with its accomplishments as measured by the contributions which the citizens of Boys' State make to the betterment of our community, state and national life. If it fails in its objectives, then it should be discontinued.



## "Gee! A Nickel Left for Candy"

TOYS or typewriters, lamp bulbs or bathtubs—whenever the cost of an article is lowered through economies in production, more people can buy the article. And those who can buy the article anyway have money left to buy other things.

Take the case of the electric refrigerator. In 1927, when the average model cost about \$350, only 375,000 people bought refrigerators. But when, ten years later, improvements in design and manufacturing had brought the price down to \$170, *six times as many people* bought them. And thousands who, perhaps, could have paid the higher price, were able to use the difference to purchase other comforts and conveniences for themselves and their families.

The same has been true of hundreds of other manufactured articles. Because the scientists, engineers, and workmen of industry have developed hundreds of new products, have continually improved them, have learned how to make them less and less expensive, more millions of people have been able to buy them. And by this process, industry has been able to provide the American people with the highest standard of living in the world.

In this progress, General Electric, by devising new ways for electricity to speed the wheels of industry, has played an important part. By continuing these efforts, it is helping today to provide for America still MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST.

*G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric*

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

VISIT THE G-E "HOUSE OF MAGIC" AT THE FAIRS



# The Curtain Rises

(Continued from page 33)

most sketchy manner, of the magnificent scene of their work and the stage from which their plays and pageants are presented.

Let's take the stage and open air theater, one of the first points of interest to those who attend the plays. This theater is something to marvel at; it is even more wonderful in its complete equipment when we reflect that it was designed and constructed for private and community use without thought of commercial entertainment.

It is unique in its setting and lovely in its beauty, blending most harmoniously the natural with created devices. What boots it that the stage occupies the site of the old Pierce barn, and the audience is seated on a natural slope in what was formerly the barnyard. The theater was originally built in 1913, but was completely modernized about ten years ago without changing its original design or setting. Though apparently a structureless surface there are yet large dressing rooms, complete in every detail for comfort and convenience, below and back of the stage.

The first nighter at the Longwood open air theater is immediately aware of the apparent lack of curtain facilities. Is it possible that all the stage settings are to be made in the plain open view of all who have paid their dollar and a half for an evening of good theater? Yes, there is a curtain, and a most unique one—a curtain of a line of small fountain jets spaced six inches apart, squirting to a height of six feet, lighted from the stage side with strong white light which completely shuts off the audience when the stage is in semi-darkness. Then again this curtain is brilliantly illuminated through plate glass windows from below with red, green, blue, yellow and white lights—an endless variety of color combinations that is alone worth the price of admission.

The stage itself is quite large, measuring sixty-two feet across the front and thirty-four feet deep. The wings are natural growing American arbor vitae trees trimmed flat on two sides and even on top. Last year, in a perfectly natural setting and with a minimum of artificial aids, Robin Hood and his merry men, in-

cluding good Friar Tuck, the merriest of them all, passed through another reincarnation in a mimic Sherwood Forest, a neater, greener and better kept Sherwood than the old Robin knew. But to get back to statistics, the theater has good, comfortable seats for 2,200, with room for a hundred or more extra seats

evening, which, while not a part of the scheduled entertainment, has been rendered so many times that it has come to be a part of the unofficial program. After the close of the performance of the evening, the guests—and all patrons of the Legion show at Longwood are regarded as guests—are invited to stroll across the lawns

for a distance of about one thousand feet to view the electric fountains playing in all their beauty and grandeur in what has been called the most spectacular night display on this continent, if not in the entire world.

A marvel of mechanical achievement, these fountains are played from a control room by an expert operator, who deftly manipulates a control board; the fountains are as responsive to the touch of this operator as is the great organ of ten thousand pipes, located in the great conservatory just in the rear, under the skilled hands of an organist. Thousands of gallons of water are thrown into the air each minute, now soft as a muted chord, now flashing high in screaming crescendo, the lights playing a symphony of color in a riot of beauty. As the red, blue, green, yellow and white lights spring into

being, or creep slowly up or return to darkness, or, as the mixtures, shades, tints or blends of these colors turn the stately streams and cascades into columns of sublimity, and the floating masses of gauze-like spray into mystic grandeur, the magnificence of this man-made wonder is awe-inspiring. The display of the fountains at Longwood, like the noted ones in the gardens at Versailles to which they are often compared, must be seen to be fully appreciated.

LONGWOOD is not held as a private estate, which it is in the sense of ownership, but has been thrown open by Mr. and Mrs. duPont to the general public on all weekdays and on the first and third Sunday of each month, thus bringing to everyone the opportunity of inspecting its wonders at first hand. The open air theater, with its corps of trained operators and attendants, is not only made available to the Kennett Square Legion players, but is frequently "loaned" to other organizations for benefit per-



"Hmmm! Bank Night again!"

to be placed on the nights when the box office is overwhelmed—something that happens with a regularity that must be most gratifying to the Legion players and to Mr. duPont. As a matter of fact the Longwood productions have opened to a completely sold-out house for several seasons; some of the series were completely sold out weeks in advance. And just as a matter of passing note, more than one thousand tickets for the 1939 show, "Prunella," were sold before the first of January, though the tickets will not actually be on sale until the first of May. That has something of the ring of a genuine Broadway hit.

The early arrival, with an hour or two to spare before the curtain rises, is privileged to wander at will through the flower gardens, the water gardens—a replica of the gardens at Villa Gamberaia, near Florence, Italy—through the arbored lanes, then to the theater to enjoy the show. But there is more to come, the further contribution of Mr. and Mrs. duPont to the complete enjoyment of the



formances and privately staged plays and pageants.

In the nine years of Legion pageantry at Longwood four strictly pageant productions and five plays have been given, "Historic Chester County," "Fantasy of Fairyland," "Washington Bi-Centennial," "The Story of Kennett," "The Arabian Nights," "Historic Delaware," "Ramona," "Rip Van Winkle," "Robin Hood," and for this year of 1939, the play "Prunella."

The play this year, as in the past, was selected for the reason that in its theme and movement it is ideal for presentation on such a stage as that at Longwood. Already plans are being made for 1940, when "The Story of Kennett," by Bayard Taylor, author, poet, world traveler and diplomat, whose home was at Kennett Square, will be repeated. The total attendance has ranged from 4,897 at the three night performances of "A Fantasy in Fairyland" in 1931, to 10,203 for a five-night run of "The Story of Kennett" in 1933. "Robin Hood" was played four nights in 1938 to 9,111 guests with the William W. Fahey Post on the receiving end of a gratifying boxoffice return as well as the applause of the public and of its community.

THE Legion player organization is conducted as a community enterprise and, with the single exception of a salaried director, the players have been recruited from the offices, shops, banks, farms, and from the school system in the Kennett Square section; it is carried on as an amateur activity, though many patrons have expressed the flattering opinion that the show is the work of professionals. There are those who have taken part in every play and pageant, experienced players who form a nucleus around which the supporting cast revolves.

Now that finances have been mentioned, it is interesting to know just what William W. Fahey Post does with all of its money. In the first place the Post is not one that has a great supporting membership—its average is around one hundred and fifty each year. But it owns, practically debt free, a splendid home which, with equipment, cost very close to \$100,000, and this home is used as a community center and for various youth activities. It supports a drum and bugle corps, junior baseball teams, Boy Scout troops and engages in interesting community service activities of various kinds.

Where does all the crowd come from when the Legion players put on their show? From just about everywhere. Last year the official checker at the parking lot near the theater clocked off 2,020 automobiles and 28 buses carrying tags issued by no less than twenty-three States. The fame of Longwood and the Kennett Square Legion players has indeed spread abroad over the land.



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FOR PIPE  
AND  
CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



## Something to Read

(Continued from page 1)

simple. She had two sons in the American Army Medical Corps during the war. They trained as ambulance men at Allentown, Pennsylvania, almost the breadth of the continent from their original starting point of Pasadena, California. Getting nowhere beyond the snow-covered training camp within the next six months, they transferred to Base Hospital 34 and were in France by New Year's Day, 1917. The base was established at Nantes, Loire Inférieure, near St. Nazaire. The boys were sent with a detachment to Brest to organize a camp hospital in what later became the notoriously overcrowded Pontanezan Barracks camp. Then back to the base.

The younger son got sent out with Operating Team No. 23, joining the French automobile ambulance No. 6/14, which was really a mobile hospital, in April and on into early July. Then he was sent with the team to Paris for the Château-Thierry inrush of customers at American Red Cross Hospital No. 1, and finally landed with the team at Evacuation Hospital No. 6 at Souilly, a few kilometers south of Verdun, until l'Armistice.

The older son remained with the Base applying his professional photographic experience to the X-ray department.

After the Armistice he was transferred to the Photographic Records section at Paris, and stayed there as a corporal for the first half of 1919.

And all during this time the mother was hearing about hospitals and patients and what the sick and wounded men needed. Naturally, in those days there was an avalanche of reading material available all the time. But even so, there was also a growing demand for the right kind of reading, especially for the weaker men in bed. Something to hold in the hand long enough to get through a story, and then throw it aside.

That was written to the mother of the two Medical Corps men. Soon she began sending stories to her sons to read and pass on, stories by their favorite writers, stories they might have missed in the hour-on-hour routine of operating room and X-ray dark-room work when the going was tough and time didn't matter. Remember those days during the summer of '18 when the going was hard and the wounded and sick used to fill the hallways to the salle d'operation?

That was the beginning of the sewn-together stories, liberally salted with cartoons and sent in generous quantities.

"You fellows got any more of those stories?" the sons would be asked. Today

the people in charge at the various hospitals get that same question, judging by the pile of letters.

But the letters themselves are rarely seen even by the neighbors in Carmel who furnish the magazines in tied-up stacks and leave them on the stone flagging of the patio of the rambling redwood house. Nor will the readers of this see herewith a photograph of the woman in front of the raised brick fireplace as she industriously separates magazines by the dozen and stitches them with a "long stitch" in the downstairs sewing room.

How do I know all this? Because, Comrade, I'm the younger son of the person I've been writing about, Mrs. Alice Josselyn. My mother doesn't know I've written this, and if you don't think I've enjoyed putting these words on paper, then you've got another think coming. Writing this about my energetic parent who still can't get used to being over 70 and having to do a little less in the garden, and about the house—and in sending off those stories—has been more than just the pleasure of the doing. Perhaps it will spread the news.

Perhaps it will stimulate somebody else to send such reading material to hospitals . . . to send stories that a sick man can hold.

## A Gamble We Can't Take

(Continued from page 9)

them on ours; if they build 45,000-ton battleships, the Navy says we should build that type too. Right now there is a tremendous emphasis on air power. Few readers of current history do not know the part it played at Munich. Several European nations are so frantic in their haste to repair their defenses in air armament that they are buying planes from our factories. It is not proposed to match this plane armament race, plane for plane; but rather to build up our air forces to the point where vital facilities shall not be an inviting target for the air forces of other countries. It is believed an adequate air force at this time is the best insurance against attack—the surest guarantor for peace. Remember, an air force for which appropriations are provided today does not become effective for at least two years. No one can predict world conditions at that time. The way things are shaping up, however, the Air Defense of the continental United States and the safety of the Panama Canal demand an increase in the air forces, at least to the extent called for in the President's new program.

One commentator who has been quoted

quite widely of late has said that a nation should not build up an air force until it knows when it is going to war. That is comparable to saying that no man should insure his house except in the year it is going to burn down, or no man should insure his life except in the year he is going to die. Modern air forces of suitable size are the best national insurance against unwarranted aerial attack by ambitious aggressors. Since it is not definite when those attacks are to come and when that aggression is to head our way, wisdom decrees that this nation take out insurance with the least possible delay.

It has been said that the price of an adequate air force is prohibitive. The answer to that is that the price of national protection, whatever the cost, is not prohibitive. Actually, it is fortunate for us that this force which is now proposed, adequate for the time being, will cost but an additional \$200,000,000 and the annual maintenance figure of that air force will be much less. For several years an average of \$300,000,000 has been spent on the Army and one-half billion on the Navy. It is now absolutely necessary to look to the protection of our air frontiers

as well as to our land and sea frontiers.

What would seem a well founded objection to building an air force today is that it will be obsolete tomorrow because of the rapid changes which the aviation industry is making in airplane types. The Flying Fortress was designed more than four years ago. Planes of this type have been in service for more than two years. They are still the best bombing airplanes in the world and there is no prospect that anything being developed abroad will make them obsolete for several more years. The present formula, and it is based on world experience, is that our fighter craft will remain efficient, usable and entirely satisfactory for from four to six years. Bombing planes developed to date will remain up-to-date and efficient weapons for at least five or six years or perhaps longer, while the miscellaneous types, such as training and cargo, have a much longer useful life—of from eight to ten years. Roughly, therefore, in order to keep the 5,500-plane program modern and up-to-date, will not require replacements of more than one-fifth of the planes each year, and those 1,000 airplanes should be procured annually in order to



keep in being the aircraft industry, one of the most essential parts of the war reserve. You can see, therefore, that air forces do not of necessity present an alarming obsolescence rate, and bear this fact well in mind, this obsolescence rate on our own air force is no greater than that of other air forces in the world.

An air force dares not wait to build up its strength until it can standardize on the best possible airplanes, for if it did it would never build up at all. When going into production on any given airplane, there is always a better airplane around the corner, there is always on the drawing board or in the laboratory undergoing test an experimental plane of performance superior to that which is being bought in quantity. Remember, though, that an experimental airplane is always at least two or three years away from production quantity. Also, experimental airplanes, or drawings of superior airplanes, did not win for the Germans at Munich. The air forces which affect international negotiations consist of airplanes in being with combat and maintenance crews available and air bases in existence from which to operate them. It is also of importance to note that it requires about two years to select and train those highly technical men who make up combat and maintenance crews.

The President of the United States gave an excellent answer to all of the opponents of adequate air forces in these words:

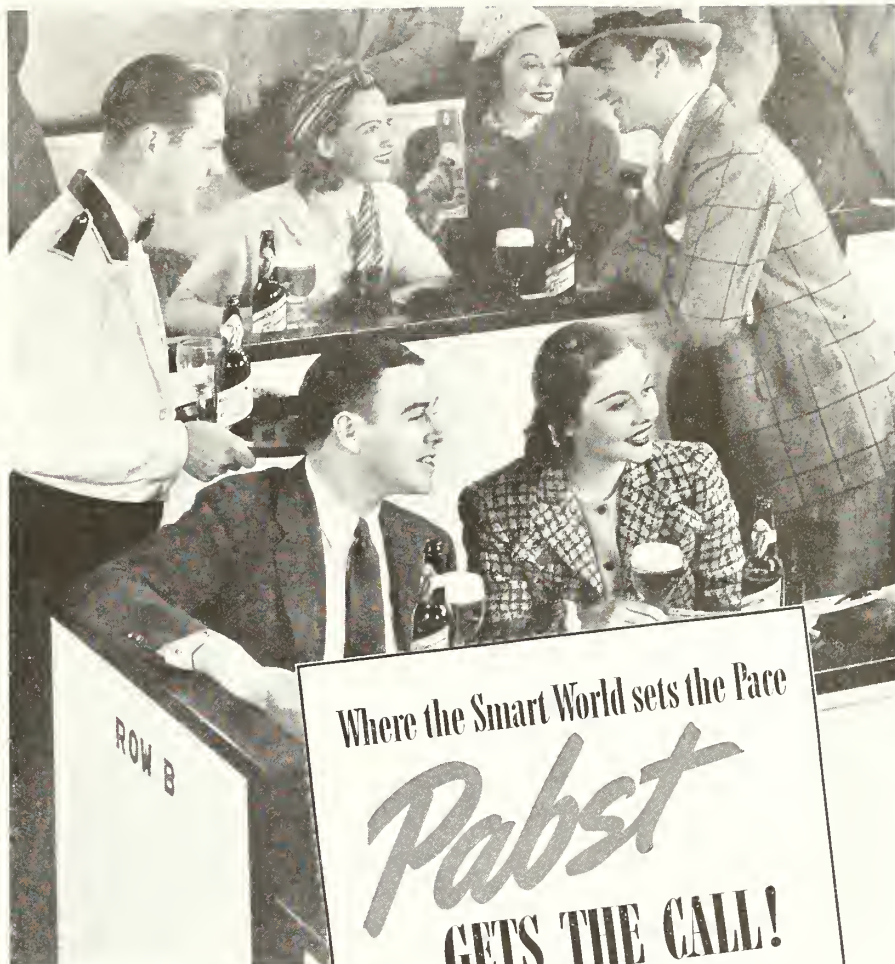
It is equally sensational and untrue to take the position that we must at once spend billions of additional money for building up our land, sea, and air forces on the one hand, or to insist that no further additions are necessary on the other.

There are some other weighty considerations in favor of this program, one of which may perhaps best be epitomized in a quotation from an English writer, J. M. Sapight, in his book, "The Air Power in the Next War."

History is full of the wars which are never fought. Air power will probably add to their number. Is it not conceivable that we are on the threshold of an era in which wars will be won before they are fought?

Most certainly the air power of the German nation recently saved that nation from having to fight one of those wars.

Another of those valuable secondary considerations in connection with the President's program concerns the aircraft industry. The American aircraft industry in producing these additional airplanes will be raised to a safe level. Factories, which are at present empty, will be given needed work. Factories, which have never built military types, will now be put to work on military planes, engines (Continued on page 48)



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Keener Refreshment... streamlined  
For a quicker, more sparkling  
Lift in every delicious drop.  
Nothing heavy or syrupy to  
Slow up its invigorating action.  
Just pale golden goodness you  
Never tire of... brewed with  
Matchless master skill to a  
95-Year Tradition of Quality.  
And—this is very important—  
Pabst is thoroughly aged...  
To precisely that peak point  
Of soul-satisfying, thirst-  
Quenching tang you find in  
Rare old champagne.  
No wonder Pabst Blue Ribbon  
Is the Smart World's Password  
To keener, zestier living...  
The Class of All Beers  
In a Class by Itself!

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# *A Gamble We Can't Take*

(Continued from page 47)

and accessories which will give their personnel valuable training and require them to produce the jigs, dies and fixtures for military plane production. The whole result will be an augmented American air industry more nearly capable of meeting emergency requirements.

On account of the large number of cadets required for pilot training, the accomplishment of the program entails the use of civilian flying schools for the primary training. That is the sort of thing they would have to do immediately in case of a major war. It is wise indeed to give them this training now. It permits trying out in peacetime and perfect-

ing a system which we know will have to be used in wartime. It has the same effect on the personnel phase as educational orders have on the material phase. The cadets selected must, however, meet the standards as to physical and mental requirements. They must also on graduation from the civilian schools meet the flying standards. That will be insured by Army Air Corps inspectors giving tests.

Those civilian schools selected have all been accredited by the Civil Aeronautics Authority for qualifying pilots for commercial ratings. They form a very necessary and valuable part of wartime facilities and must be well supported in time

of peace; otherwise, they will not have the production capacity when needed most.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the President's new air program will give an air force for defense only, an Air Corps organized and equipped for defense of this country, continental United States and the Panama Canal. It is built neither for all-inclusive operations in the Eastern Hemisphere nor for long range attacks on any other country. It is in no sense an aggressive, offensive force—it is not organized for that purpose. It represents a level in air preparedness below which we cannot safely fall in view of world conditions now prevailing and in prospect.

## *The Inside Curve*

(Continued from page 7)

"Then you'd class that sedan crash as an avoidable accident?" I asked. "I thought he picked out a safe spot."

"He didn't pick it and it wasn't an accident. That was——," the telephone bell drowned his words.

"Oh, hello, Steve. What luck did you have?" he demanded eagerly into the instrument.

"Oh, we picked up that van easily enough, if that's what you mean by luck," came the distant but distinct voice over the wire. "But there wasn't a scratch on it. A new paint job inside and out. Except for some loading tackle and a crew of eight men, it was empty, and the driver denied he'd ever heard of the Valley Pike. What made you think it'd struck the sedan?"

"Why, Steve, I never even hinted that it'd struck that sedan. Are you still holding it?"

"And why not? After you'd hinted that you didn't like its style, what else

could I do, you faker? On the strength of what you told me we made them come out of it with their hands up. But, tell me, how'd you know its plates were phony, or that its crew, when questioned separately, would get its points of origin and destination and ownership all balled up. We've booked them on a stolen car charge, but you promised to tell me what that van had to do with the accident on the Pike."

"Accident? Why, there wasn't any accident on the Pike tonight. Nothing on wheels coming around that curve fast enough to do any serious damage could have struck that sedan on the spot where we found it; not if I know anything about momentum or centrifugal force.

"And byway of a check, you might compare the coroner's report of how long that driver's been dead with the fact that water was still dripping from the sedan's radiator, and while you're checking just

compare the blue paint on the edge of that crumpled fender with the color of the van's inside paint job.

"Now, just think what a cinch it would be to put the little sedan into that big van, with plenty of loading tackle and a crew of eight men. What we found on the pike tonight was the end of a 'ride'. It's just their own bad luck that those boobs planted their accident at about the only spot on that curve where it couldn't have happened."

I could just hear the chief's sudden oath of surprise, and judged that he had turned from the phone to give a hurried order. Doug listened closely, then a smile of satisfaction spread over his face as he drawled: "Good work, Steve. We're getting too many real accidents of our own, without having phony ones dumped in on us. See you tomorrow. So long.

"And now, Bill," he announced cheerfully, as he turned from the phone, "just pour yourself another and I'll join you."

## *Daughters of Valor*

(Continued from page 17)

first and the dazed nurse awakened to hear the woeful groans of the helpless patients and to follow the shadows of the doctors, nurses and enlisted men of the Medical Department, scurrying about feverishly in the dark. A whole tent section had been blown to pieces, scattering patients, beds, lockers and floors in all directions. Seven were dead and many more injured. Miss Parmelee was badly shaken up but escaped with two face wounds and a black eye.

The nurses had hardly accustomed

themselves to the rigors of base hospital service when urgent calls came from the front lines. Mobile units with a complete 500-bed hospital, sterilizing plant, X-ray, and laundry were being organized to be mounted on trucks, and transported to vital evacuation areas, sometimes to function as supplementary hospitals, at other times as independent institutions near the front lines, and the British army asked for twenty nurses for each of these organizations. The American women at the base hospitals volunteered and those

who could not be spared remained behind for the greater drudgery and less spectacular service, doing not only their own work but that of the nurses who were selected for the mobile units.

As soon as these nurses proved their capabilities in this work, the British called for details to the Casualty Clearing Stations. Operating teams consisting of two medical officers, a nurse, two orderlies and an officer's batman, each, had to be trained and sent to these forward evacuation points. Again, the chief



nurses had more volunteers than they could assign without crippling their base forces but the British requests were met. On some of the teams there were two nurses, one of them acting as anesthetist.

Only the most competent and dependable nurses were detailed on these detached jobs and most of them received intensive training in the wearing and the use of the gas mask before they were assigned duties with the operating teams.

Duty in a casualty clearing station was one of the most arduous that American nurses were called upon to perform. Here came only the worst cases. Others were taken to the ambulance train to be sent to the base, or tagged and directed to walk toward the rear, but the serious cases, dropped off at the station, had to be sorted and separated, operatives to one tent, shock to another, chest cases to a third. No time could be lost, for many of the patients were bleeding profusely.

Into the operating tents, patients seemed to pour without a halt, and there the most delicate work had to be performed under the most trying conditions, in cramped quarters, during gas attacks, often to the accompaniment of an aerial bombardment, under small lights, dim at best, flickering on and off. The surgical teams usually went up to the casualty clearing station for a tour of duty lasting about 48 hours. They cared for the casualties in a particular drive and then returned to their base.

Once near the front, however, they often found that they could not get away in the normal two days. Late in July, 1917, one team of Helen Fairchild and Helen Grace McClelland, members of Base Hospital No. 10, a Philadelphia organization, for instance, went forward to the British lines and remained on duty with a casualty clearing station for more than five weeks, closing their arduous tours of duty in the operating tents with scrubbing and washing their own clothes in the early hours of their brief rests.

There were two casualties among the American Army nurses serving with these operating teams. The first was Beatrice Mary MacDonald, a member of Base Hospital No. 2, organized at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York. She had been sent forward as a member of a detached team to No. 61 Casualty Clearing Station, near St. Sixte's Convent, Belgium. There she was joined by Miss McClelland, who was on duty with another American team. Besides the Americans, there were five British teams, in addition to the regular staff on duty at the station. It was arranged at first that one-half of the force would work by day, the other by night, but when casualties began to multiply, the teams went on shifts of twelve hours on and eight hours off. The work still increased and the duty hours had to be made to correspond. Occasionally the American nurses worked 24 hours at a stretch, stopping merely long enough to get a bite to eat.

The two nurses had been relieved from their shift on the afternoon of August 17th, and were asleep in their tent that night when the casualty clearing station was attacked from the air. They reached for their helmets and covered their heads. Miss MacDonald tilted her headgear slightly and raised herself on her elbows. She began to gaze around when two bombs crashed into the roof of the cook shack nearby and scattered shrapnel fragments throughout the tent. One piece penetrated Miss MacDonald's eye and another cut a gash in her cheek. She

lost the sight of one eye completely and was evacuated to Boulogne, the A. E. F. ophthalmic center. Later she was returned to duty and remained with her unit until two months after the Armistice.

After the war, both Miss MacDonald and Miss McClelland were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

There were only three Distinguished Service Crosses awarded the nurses of the United States Army during the World War. The third decoration was won by Isabelle Stambaugh, also of Base Hospital No. 10 (Continued on page 50)



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# Daughters of Valor

(Continued from page 49)

Miss Stambaugh went forward with her team on March 21, 1918, for duty with the British Casualty Clearing Station No. 32 at Marchepot, near Peronne, during the great German drive of that spring.

She therefore arrived at her destination when the station was receiving more than its due share of the enemy's attention. The bombardment from the air became too terrific for the team to do any work, so the British ordered a retreat. Miss Stambaugh and the other members of the party rushed back to Amiens, where they were assigned to duty with No. 42 Stationary Hospital, but here, too, there was no respite.

Despite the heavy bombardment, the doctors and nurses tried to go about their duties, ministering to the wounded, giving anesthetics and operating on the emergency cases. While in the midst of her work in the operating room, Miss Stambaugh was struck down with a deep flesh wound in her leg. She was evacuated but returned to duty later in July.

It was during this same spring drive, too, that many nurses found themselves in full retreat, often abandoning all their possessions to keep up with the evacuation and to take charge of their wounded patients.

The presence of American troops in France was beginning to make itself felt on the Western Front at this time, but now, when the nurses would be most needed to minister to American casualties, the A. E. F. suddenly found itself facing a great dearth of them. Instead of the quota of one nurse per ten beds, which the military authorities laid down as highly desirable, these women often found themselves handling as many as 50 patients apiece. Hundreds of casualties were rushed overseas but the ideal quota was never realized. Influenza and other sicknesses were taking their toll, too, among the nurses as well as among the soldiers, and those who remained to carry on, assumed their added responsibilities faithfully and, under the conditions, most cheerfully, despite overwork and the inevitable exhaustion.

And at the Base Hospitals greater and greater demands from the front were being made on the nurses serving with the American Expeditionary Forces, for operating teams, evacuation and mobile hospital units, and detachments for the hospital trains.

The hospital trains, as originally organized in the United States, provided for no nurses. The train's function was merely to evacuate the wounded from the front lines to the base hospital. Not until July 13, 1918, were nurses called

for such work, and even then, the medical authorities in the Army watched the experiment very carefully. Great professional skill and the ability to meet every kind of emergency were required on this work, but the first teams functioned so smoothly, that it became the general

nurses often found themselves on active duty for four days at a time, with little or no rest, and instead of the capacity of 400, they often had to crowd as many as 600 into the train.

The patients returning on these trains to the base were usually the wounded who had received some first aid. If the train took longer than the normal time to get back, all bandages had to be changed often, not only during the day but at night with all lights out, while shells from the air burst around the tracks.

Despite the arduousness of this service, nurses were ever ready to volunteer and on November 11, 1918, there were sixty-three of them on duty with hospital trains.

In addition to the hospital trains which evacuated the wounded from the front lines to the base, the Army established evacuation hospitals, intermediary stations, several miles behind the forward moving lines, to which nurses were assigned. In general, there was little difference between service here and in the base further to the rear, except that the evacuation hospital was more temporary, hence with fewer conveniences and less equipment and with the added zest accompanying the frequent changes of position.

Closer to the front lines marched the mobile hospital units, with their quota of twenty nurses each. They were usually established in tents, so that the nurses had to be skilled in performing their duties under rather primitive conditions. The whole equipment had to be taken down, packed into trucks, transported a considerable distance and set up again several times during a drive.

The most coveted assignment of the nurses was duty with the forward teams. They had to be ready to go to the front at any moment to serve with surgical, shock or gas teams, and only those of outstanding professional attainments could even be considered. On the other hand, many a well-trained nurse, anxious to go forward, had to remain behind with the forces that were being constantly depleted to fill up the professional teams.

More than three hundred operating teams were organized for duty with the American forces and more than two-thirds of them saw active service.

The organization of the operating team followed closely the British pattern, with two nurses in each unit. At the evacuation hospitals, during the big drives, they worked incessantly. Shivering during the cold nights, their hands constantly in wet gloves, standing in small cramped corners for hours handing out sterile supplies and setting up instrument tables, these



**"I remember saying very distinctly, a corsage!"**

practice to assign three nurses to every hospital train.

In going to the front, their work was rather pleasant. They had a chance to see the countryside and relax in the quarters that had been set up for them in one of the staff coaches, but on their return they worked under most difficult conditions.

The constant motion of the train, the restricted space, the great irregularity of hours, the close association of officers and nurses, the isolation from other groups of nurses, called for women of the greatest tact, adaptability and character as well as professional ability.

These "moving hospitals" had a total capacity of 400 beds with every possible comfort provided the patients—electric lights, steam heat and electric fans—but when the train began to move, the constant jolting, the noise and the dirt made travel disagreeable even for the most patient of the wounded. Besides, the hospital train, returning from the front, did not have the right of way when fighting men and munitions were going forward and it was sidetracked often for hours. Instead of spending 40 hours to get back to the base from the front,



nurses worked until they were almost numb.

On the "shock" teams, the strain was even greater. Frenzied patients suffering from excessive loss of blood, exposure and shock, would be brought into the tent, some of them shortly after they had been wounded, but any number of them after they had lain on the battlefield for hours and perhaps days, clinging desperately to life, crawling from shell hole to shell hole, drinking their stale waters, and munching bits of discarded food. In these cases the greatest kindness, firmness and patience as well as professional skill had to be displayed.

Of the 10,061 nurses in the A. E. F., the Army had sent 2,662 forward for duty with the professional teams.

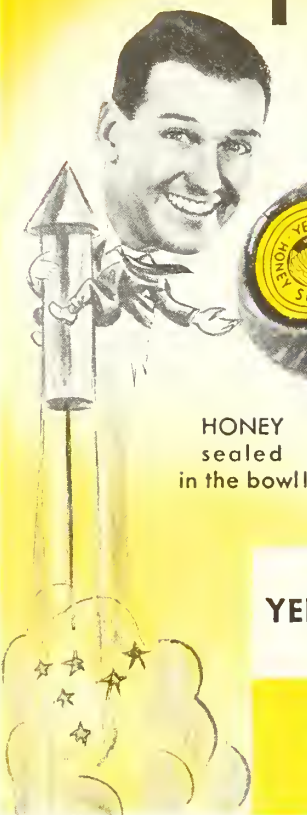
In addition to the three Distinguished Service Crosses that the War Department conferred on the Misses MacDonald, McClelland and Stambaugh, a Distinguished Service Medal was awarded Edna M. Coughlin, another member of a professional team.

The Allies awarded the American nurses many decorations, including not only those singled out by the War Department, but a number of others for meritorious service in the advanced zones. The British honored about 90 nurses and the French more than 100 of those in the A. E. F.; Rumania, Belgium, Greece and Russia also decorated a few. Some like Miss MacDonald were decorated by several of the Allies. There were also a great number of Base Hospital and Division citations for nurses, both from the Allies and from American commanders.

Besides answering persistent calls from the British and American lines, a number of them were called upon to serve on the French front as well. When American troops were brigaded with the French, in the early phases of our participation, particularly, General Pershing saw the need for American women to look after the American casualties immediately. Because the French had their own evacuation and hospitalization system behind their own lines, it was not considered politic to set up American Army hospitals in the same sector. The military authorities felt, however, that there could be no objection to a civilian, purely humanitarian organization taking up such work, and consequently called upon the Red Cross to take care of the American wounded on the French Front; and the Red Cross did.

The American Red Cross was in the position of the "pinch hitter" in the nursing emergency. If General Pershing called for nurses for a "military" hospital, the Red Cross nurses became "militarized"; if he preferred their services in a civilian status, they went forward to do the same work just as cheerfully. Since the fighting of American soldiers in the early phases came principally in the sectors where our troops were brigaded with the Allies, the (Continued on page 52)

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# Daughters of Valor

(Continued from page 51)

Red Cross hospitals were called upon to handle more than two-thirds of the battle casualties of the A. E. F.

The only battle casualty among the Red Cross nurses as distinguished from their Army sisters took place July 15, 1918, when Jane Jeffery, on night duty at the hospital at Jouy-sur-Morin, was struck by shell fragments of an airplane bomb while attending her patients and was severely wounded. Miss Jeffery was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross by the War Department.

The only nurses on duty with the American troops in Northern Russia were Alma E. Foerster and Beatrice M. Gosling, both of whom served in their Red Cross capacity. There were only nine American women in Archangel and the nurses served a social as well as a military need. Their nursing work was entirely in the base hospital, and their patients medical and slightly wounded surgical cases.

For service in Siberia, the Army sent twenty-seven nurses to Vladivostok in the summer of 1918.

In Italy, United States Base Hospital No. 102, including 100 nurses, was attached to the 322d Infantry, an Ohio outfit, and operated the most forward base hospital on the Italian Front, at Vicenza.

There were 102 deaths overseas and 134 in the United States, among the Army nurses.

Behind the lines in France and England, and on this side in Washington and New York, the master minds of the Army Nurse Corps were at work, perfecting their organization, looking after the many needs of the women, training, organizing and equipping them for service in the cantonments as well as for overseas. In many ways it called for just as much genius, leadership, and military ability to handle this constantly growing army of fighting women as it did to manage the great bodies of men, which were being organized for the more obvious military duties.

Back in the United States was Dora E. Thompson, the Superintendent of the Nurse Corps, "to whose accuracy, good judgment and untiring devotion to duty was due the splendid management of the Army Nurse Corps," to use the exact words of the War Department in the citation accompanying her Distinguished Service Medal.

Miss Thompson was a veteran in the

Army. Her service began in 1902 and took her to the far corners of the world. She helped the doctors during the San Francisco earthquake in 1906, and the dysentery epidemics among the troops in the Philippine Islands later. Her services were recognized in 1914 when she was

ing, were some of the problems that beset her office. In addition she had to make a number of inspections in the field personally, to get first-hand information from the nurses themselves and to build up the essential close contact between the staff and field forces—so necessary to mutual trust and efficiency.

In England, Grace E. Leonard, as assistant director of the nursing service, was performing a job similar to Miss Stimson's with equal efficiency. She, too, was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal.

Many other nurses could be mentioned who performed administrative duties to the satisfaction of their superiors and subordinates, too. Not only near the top of the organization, but at the base hospitals, where thousands

upon thousands of patients had to be treated, was there a great need for women of more than average executive ability.

To cite but one example, there was Mrs. Alice H. Flash, Chief Nurse of the Mesves hospital center, who "commanded" an army of more than 20,000 patients at one time.

All sorts of administrative problems beset the heads of the nurse corps but they were usually met and overcome. When the influenza epidemic broke out and thousands of nurses were needed for the cantonments as well as in the civilian communities, every effort continued to keep up the flow of nurse power overseas. When not enough trained nurses could be found that could be spared, Annie W. Goodrich, Chief Nurse, organized an Army School of Nursing and in a short time placed 1800 qualified women at the disposal of the Medical Department. Today, the Army School of Nursing still stands as a result of her efforts.

The equipment problem was another that seemed to keep just one pace ahead of preparations. When the first units went overseas, no tables of equipment had been worked up, and there was no uniformity even within the units themselves. As soon as the overseas equipment became standardized, calls came from the front for professional teams and new items had to be added. It did not matter quite so much on this side or even at the base hospitals, but when a nurse went forward she had to carry her full accoutrement like a soldier going into battle.

The front-line equipment problem was



"Light me pipe for me, Maw—the wind blew out my last match"

elevated to the highest position in her corps. She served as superintendent during the most trying periods of the mobilization on the Mexican Border and the World War but in 1919 gave up her position to return to the field and sailed for Manila shortly thereafter.

Her successor, Major Julia C. Stimson—Army nurses have become entitled to military rank since 1920—performed the duties of chief nurse of the corps overseas with equal distinction. She was among the first of the American nurses overseas, having sailed with Base Hospital No. 21, a St. Louis unit, in May, 1917, to assume her duties as chief nurse of her unit.

"She displayed marked organizing and administering ability while that unit was on active service with the British Forces," according to her Distinguished Service Medal citation.

When the nursing problems in the A. E. F. were at their peak, she was selected from among all of the nurses overseas to take over the job of becoming their chief. And it was an administrative job of great magnitude. She had to keep track of every nurse and know about her capabilities, for every day new demands were being made for specially qualified women. She had to keep in touch with all of the hospitals to recognize and understand their needs. She had to maintain a high esprit de corps among the nurses themselves, for they were scattered all over France, and to win and hold their confidence in her ability to take care of them. Their morale, looking after them when they were sick, and providing convalescent areas when they were recover-



solved in France by Marie B. Rhodes, who came upon her duties in an accidental manner and without any preparation, offering one of the best examples in the A. E. F. of a person rising to new responsibilities. She had reported April 22, 1918, to the Chief Nurse of the Red Cross Commission in Paris, stating that her unit had been broken up on arrival in France and asking for an active service assignment. She was told how to apply and made out her papers. While waiting for action, she volunteered to do any needed work in the office, and the chief nurse turned over to her all the reports on the subject of nurses' clothing and equipment. Miss Rhodes remained on that job until the end of the war.

Methodically she went to work, drew up tables of equipment, prepared cost charts and proceeded to contract for the manufacture and assembly of the various items. When a nurse went forward to the lines, Miss Rhodes was able to furnish her with a trench coat, two jersey uniforms, two suits of all-woolen underwear, rain hat, rubber boots, sweater, mittens with wristlets, black jersey tights, hose, woolen kimono, trench cap, set of dishes, cot, pillow, four blankets, bed socks, wash cloths, bath and hand towels, duffle bag with padlock, and sleeping bag.

When the demand came from the front for items not included in her tables, she jumped into a camion, and went forward in person to satisfy the need. Not all of the nurses could come through her office. Some were rushed forward almost immediately after disembarkation. Just a word to Miss Rhodes and the necessary equipment was sent forward. She, too, was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal.

Not all of the nurses who performed especially conspicuous and meritorious service can be mentioned. Not all of them had the same opportunity, but wherever assigned, with very few exceptions, they performed their duties in a satisfactory manner. A total of 24 of them in the more conspicuous rôles were awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Nor were the nurses in the Navy outdone by their sisters in the land service. Many of them, too, had to brave the submarine infested waters of the Atlantic for overseas service. If they did not have the more spectacular work of looking after casualties fresh from the front line trenches, they performed equally valuable service in resuscitating sailors, whose ships had been wrecked or sunk by submarines, after they had been exposed for hours and even days to the vicissitudes of the open sea. And some of the Navy nurses actually got to the Western Front as members of professional teams.

Navy Base Hospitals Nos. 1 and 5 were called upon to furnish nurses for the operating teams at a time when they could be spared least. They were the only hospitals in Brest, and were taking care of more soldiers (Continued on page 54)



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## Daughters of Valor

(Continued from page 53)

than of marines or sailors. In June, 1918, when the greatest demands were coming from the Front, there were more than 40,000 soldiers in the seaport but the situation did not interfere with the Navy's response. And the nurses who went forward shared the privations of the Army women at the mobile hospitals and with the operating teams.

On November 11, 1918, the Navy had 290 nurses in Great Britain and France. In addition to the two base hospitals in Brest, the Navy established one at Bordeaux and a number throughout Great Britain.

It may be interesting to note that a number of colored women applied for

such service. Not many were called to duty, however. Delay in the provision of separate quarters and mess for them accounts for the failure of the Government to use more of them. During the influenza epidemic both Camp Sevier, South Carolina, and Camp Pike, Arkansas, had some colored nurses and after the Armistice, the War Department assigned nine each to Camp Sherman and Camp Grant, where a number of colored troops were stationed. The work of the colored nurses seemed entirely satisfactory and all but one of them remained in the Army until the summer of 1919, when a reduction in the size of the military forces necessitated their release.

## Back to the Faith

(Continued from page 31)

has been that projects that are worthy and worthwhile are comparatively easy to initiate and complete," writes Commander Morris. "Most of our work is of a community nature, which requires that we team with various non-Legion and Auxiliary groups. And as the purpose of our organization is better understood we find people more anxious to work with us.

"We find our form of government the finest piece of merchandise any one has to sell," he continues. "There is nothing 'just as good.' Freedom, a God-intended privilege for all mankind, is like a beautiful flower in one's garden—it is seldom ap-

preciated when seen daily. But let it be removed, then we know how beautiful it was."

Molokai Post has achieved the first objective on its list—secured a hearse, the first on the island, for community use in burying the dead. Another objective is to induce the Board of Supervisors to purchase an ambulance. Legislative objectives include veteran preference in Civil Service; a change in the date of Arbor Day, and a veterans' homestead law.

The Post is active in school work and sends speakers to each one of the six

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Memphis Post, for years the largest in the Legion world, is one of the few that has kept all its Past Commanders alive and still in the harness



schools on the island to talk on Americanism, citizenship and its obligations, and Boy Scout work. Essay contests are carried on and two School Award Medals are given.

### Long Distance Legionnaires

SOME time back the Adjutants of Cabin Creek (West Virginia) Post and Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City, made some claims to possession of the champion long distance Legionnaires—one in Argentina and one in the Philippine Islands. Now, comrades, here's a chit from a real champion; listen to Comrade M. E. Pelgrims, who is in the diamond business at Djocjacarta, Java, Dutch East Indies: "I have been a member of United Manhattan Post, New York City, since 1926, with a short intermission in 1934, (depression). I have paid my dues regularly, yet have never attended a meeting and, with but one exception, have never met a fellow member. I am living in the antipodes—it is exactly midnight here when it is noon in New York. Still this is not the jungle. Our clothing is American made, from socks and bvd's to Palm Beach clothing . . . American food, cigarettes, gasoline, films, just like your home town in Missouri, plus what the sophisticated would call the Continental touch."

### Memphis Post Has 'Em

FOR many years Memphis (Tennessee) Post held the place at the top of the list as the largest Post in the Legion world, but in recent years it has been forced to return the crown to the up-and-coming Omaha (Nebraska) Post. But Memphis Post has retained its Past Commanders, all twenty of them including the present National Executive Committeeman, Roane Waring, who must be counted twice—he served two terms as Commander.

Arranged in order of service, the Past Commanders, whose pictures are printed across the way, are: Seated, left to right, W. M. Stanton, E. A. Passino, Andrew H. Lawo, Sam Johnson, Frank M. Gilliland, Charles L. Neely; middle row, William F. Murrah, Roane Waring, Thomas A. Cuneo, W. P. McDonald, John E. McCall, Charles Bender, John Shea; top row, Paul T. Jones, Bert M. Bates, Andrew Donelson, Dave Harsh, Frank Gailor, James Bodley, and Mark Heffernan, the present Post Commander.

### Legion Shorts

ADJUTANT R. L. Stull of Joseph M. Bailey Post, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, tells us that Sergeant-at-Arms Paul Kendall has paid his Post dues twelve years in advance. Now that is a forward-looking Legionnaire . . . Detroit, Michigan, has a live Legion Post organized and operating within the Detroit Socialer (Continued on page 56)

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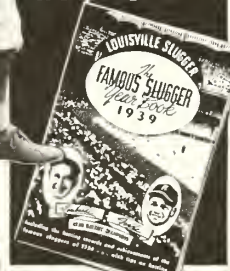
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## Back to the Faith

(Continued from page 55)

Turnverein, a society organized by German refugees in 1853. Turnverein Post, writes Mark P. Roberts, organizer and first Commander, was organized in 1933 with twenty members. It has grown steadily in membership and in its contributions to the Legion program . . . Commander Calvin D. McGovern reports that Comrade Dave Meyers holds the title as champion membership getter in Los Angeles (California) Business Men's Post. A diamond studded Legion button is his reward . . . Euclid (Ohio) Post, according to Adjutant Victor E. Johnson, has organized a raiding squadron and, once each month, these Euclid raiders, fifty to one hundred strong, swoop down upon a neighboring Post for a fraternal visit. Other Posts return the visits; now the problem is to find nights enough to go around.

Garrett Cochran Post, of Williamsport,

Pennsylvania, has honored Chaplain Theodore T. Beck, long-service Legionnaire, with its annual award for "distinguished service rendered in the City of Williamsport in civic and community service during 1938 and previous years." . . . Post Historian Jerome R. Senkyr writes that James C. Ludwig Post, Baltimore, Maryland, which was organized in June, 1938, with twenty-one members, has enrolled ninety-four and won a national membership citation in its first year. . . . Arlington (Virginia) Post presented Walter Winchell, noted columnist, a Legion medal for preaching sound Americanism at a special meeting attended by more than twelve hundred persons. . . . Kate Smith, radio star, has been medaled by Bureau of Internal Revenue Post, Washington, D. C., for her Americanism work.

BOYD B. STUTLER

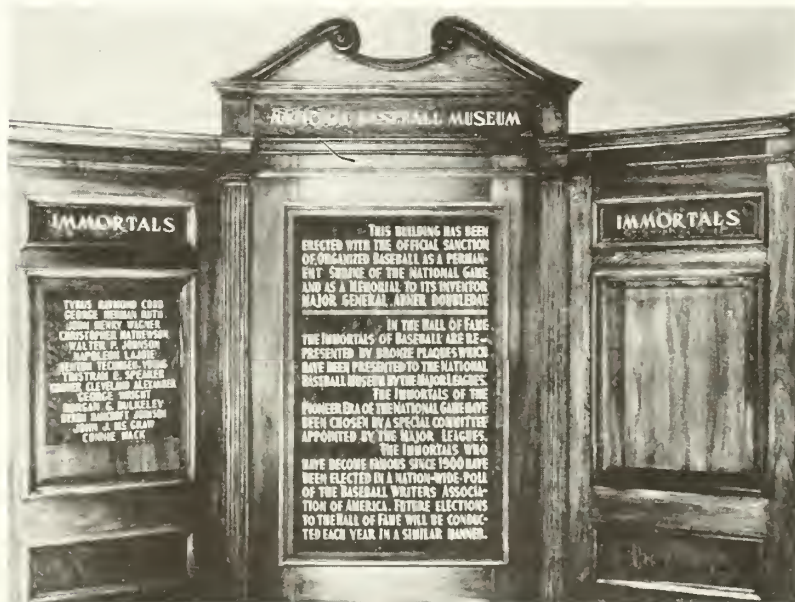
## Our Number 1 Game

(Continued from page 15)

force in the management of the Boston Red Sox in our league, and Jack has for years and years made the baseball team at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts, the best college club in the country. Incidentally, in 1928, when my team finished in second place, we had on our roster Eddie Collins, back again after several seasons with Chicago, Ty Cobb, and Tris Speaker, who made history in Boston and Cleveland while Cobb was

burning up the base paths for Detroit.

Most people who talk baseball with me ask me what gave me my greatest thrill in the fifty-six years I've been a player and a manager since I started with Meriden, Connecticut, in the old Connecticut League back in 1884. I can tell you that with the greatest of ease, but it isn't just a single thrill, but a sort of double delayed fuse of a thrill. It happened during the World Series we were playing with



In Baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, where the hundredth anniversary of the game will be celebrated on June 12th. This spring three names were added to those of the game's greatest figures shown here—Eddie Collins, George Sisler and Willie Keeler



the Chicago Cubs in 1929, in the fourth and fifth games of the series, both played at our park in Philadelphia, on a Saturday and on the following Monday. In those days we couldn't play Sunday ball in Pennsylvania.

It was our first World Series since 1914. We were leading the Cubs in games won, 2 to 1, when the Saturday game started, but it wasn't long before we were apparently hopelessly out of it for that day. Charlie Root was pitching for the Cubs, and had allowed us only three scattered hits up to our turn at bat in the seventh. The Cubs were coasting along on an 8-0 lead, and a good many fans had left the ball park when Al Simmons stepped to the plate. Al knocked out a home run, and while there were cheers, nobody got excited about it. Then in succession Foxx, Miller, Dykes and Boley singled, and the score was 8 to 3. George Burns, a pinch hitter, popped out to shortstop, but Max Bishop singled, and Dykes came in with the fourth run.

At this point Art Nehf, the veteran left hander, relieved Root. Mule Haas drove a long, hard fly to deep center and Hack Wilson after a hard run was under it, but lost it in the sun, so that Haas got a home run. The score was now 8 to 7, and everybody in the park was wildly excited. When Nehf walked Mickey Cochrane, Manager Joe McCarthy took him out and sent in Blake. Then Simmons and Foxx singled in succession and Cochrane scored, tying up the game. Blake was yanked, and the veteran Pat Malone was sent in. He hit Miller in the ribs with a pitched ball, and the bases were full with only one out. Then Jimmy Dykes hit a hard, low liner to left field,

which Stephenson got his hands on but couldn't hold, and Simmons and Foxx scored. If Stephenson had got it it would have been a circus catch, and the official scorer called it a hit. The score now was 10 to 8 in our favor, and Malone struck out Boley and Burns to end the inning. Ten hits, ten runs, no errors, two left on bases. And 10-8 was the way the game ended.

Forty-eight hours later Pat Malone had our team on the short end of a 2-0 score as we came up for our final try in the ninth. You guessed it—we scored three runs in that inning, and won the World's Championship. It almost seemed worth waiting fifteen years for that one.

I give the detail of this double-barreled thrill for just one reason. It is to show the boys who play your American Legion Junior Baseball that the well worn maxim that the game isn't ended until the last man is out is the truest thing you ever heard. That ten-run rally proves that you can't take anything for granted in baseball. If you play heads-up ball the breaks will take care of themselves—you'll get your share of them, in baseball and in your business life.

I hope to be managing the Athletics for a good many years to come. I can't think of anything I'd rather do. In this second century of baseball let us hope that our beloved land will enjoy peace and prosperity, and that the boys now growing up will make us who have known baseball in its first century admit that while the old timers had a good deal on the ball—well, you know the rest. They've been saying it for nearly sixty years, to my knowledge, and I suppose they'll always say it. And maybe it's true.

## Childish Things

(Continued from page 23)

unfolded the high view of the great mysterious kingdom of childhood. I found that that kingdom is divided by stern boundaries. Here on one side we find the healthy, happy, busy, normal children. Over here on the other side of the boundary we find the sad little old men and women—the underprivileged, the neglected, the abused, the misunderstood, the undernourished children. Across yonder border lie the crippled, the maimed—too often the listless children who know not what is wrong with them: and in yon dark fen of institutional care lurk the sulky, rebellious, defiant—budding criminals.

Each year we celebrate the birthday of a Babe who was born in a manger because there was no room for Him in the inn. Here is a case in point—a baby born under most difficult conditions, whose human life was endangered by the very circumstances of His entry into this world. If we read the story correctly, here was an inn, crowded with travelers,

all assembled to pay taxes to a government. These persons in the inn seemingly were indifferent to the crisis in the lives of Joseph and Mary and hence the Master of Men was born in a manger because there was "no room for Him in the inn." That poignant human experience has occurred many times since that first Christmas.

Everywhere today you hear talk of conservation. Vast sums are being spent on conservation of fish, conservation of soil, conservation of water, or coal, or timber—we of The American Legion are asking, "What about the conservation of childhood?"

Oh, I know that soil erosion is wasteful and costly. But what about the erosion in the body of an underfed baby? I know we need every foot of savable timber, but what about the greater need for mass intelligence? I know we must protect our fish and game or see them lost forever, but how can we defend a situation where we close the (Continued on page 58)



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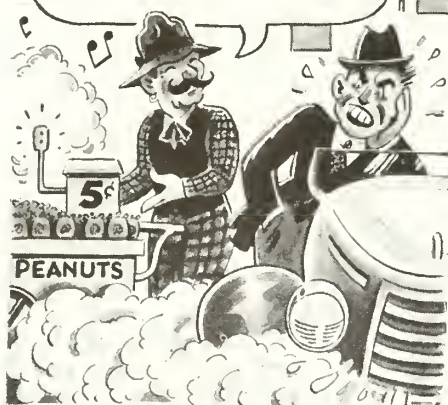
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## Childish Things

(Continued from page 57)

spawning season for fish but at the same time have the largest childbirth death rate among civilized nations?

Aye, study and develop every scientific method of conservation you may find of benefit, but the great American Legion calls upon the nation to conserve its one greatest asset, for without these little children, we shall die.

Solomon, wisest seer of history said, "Children's children are the crown of old men and glory of children are their fathers." Since we who have become The American Legion are eventually to become old men, we are deeply concerned about that crown and we want our children to be able to find some glory through us. That is why we have as one of our leading divisions, a Child Welfare Division.

Somewhere on earth right now there is a youngster crowded out because there is no room for him in the inn. Perhaps for

him there isn't even a manger. It might be that in his heart lies a great song that will enchant the whole earth. Perhaps in his brain lies the formula of Universal Peace. Who knows but in his soul lies dormant the ultimate key to the great search of science?

**C**HILDHOOD holds the key. A key is first of all a symbol of authority. He who carries the key carries the right of entry—of ultimate possession.

Over this nation there are 11,000 Posts of The American Legion, associated together for God and Country, composed of men who once fought a war for a country. Most of them are fathers, all of them are deeply concerned with the problems of the nation's children.

They have found their key—in childhood.

My friends, I have spoken to you of childish things.

## Between the Crosses

(Continued from page 37)

second from the right in the first row. The others I recall are Douglas of the Marine Corps, fourth from left, Lieutenant Monnihan, 6th Division, from Philadelphia, fifth from the left. Corporal Biegle of my regiment, who hailed from Duluth, Minnesota, is fourth from left in the top row, while Sergeant Spangler, Balloon Corps, from Scranton, Pennsylvania, is at Biegle's left. I wish the rest of the team would write to me, identify themselves, and tell me what they're doing now.

"In the Inter-Allied Games in Paris, later in the spring of 1910, I won second place in the 100-meter backstroke, placed first in the 100-meter free style, and was anchor man on the winning relay team."

Bennett doesn't report whether or not he still swims, but we know from his letterhead that he is Vice President and General Manager of the Breezy Point Groves, Inc., which raises lemons, limes and pineapples "on scenic highway between Babson Park and Frostproof."

**A** NUMBER of months ago—time certainly flies—we had a rather mysterious visitor call at our offices. The young woman who greets callers was engaged in looking up some data for a Legionnaire who had dropped in, and when she returned to the reception desk discovered a wrapped package which had been left by someone who had arrived when she was otherwise occupied.

The package contained a gas mask

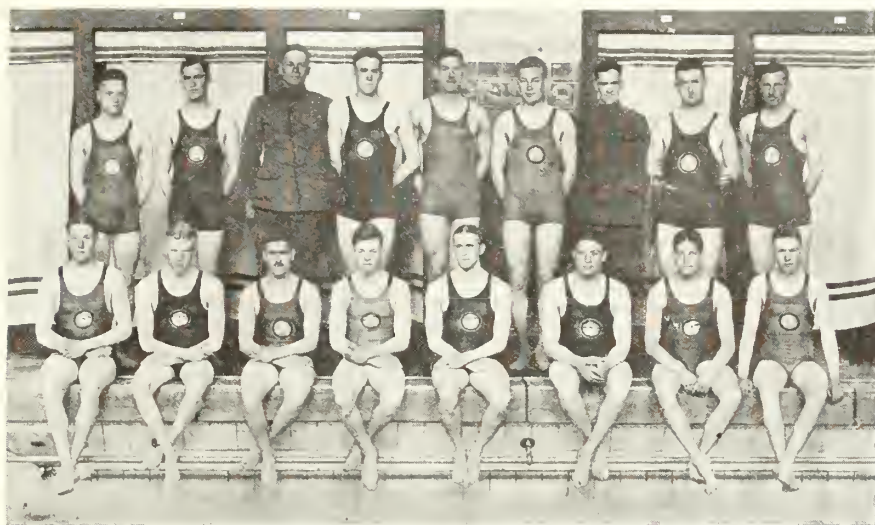
case, complete with shoulder strap, from which the contents had been removed, indicating that its former soldier owner had used it as a ditty bag. Also in the package was this penciled note: "This was found. It should be returned to the owner—or heirs. I don't know of any better organization to do this job than yours."

Well, after having had luck in returning some dozens of war mementos, we thought this would be a cinch because on the khaki case was lettered "J. B. Willard, Company C, 106th Infantry, 27th Division, Army serial No. 1206883." An appeal to The Adjutant General's Office in Washington brought us the information that one Bryant Willard lived at an address in Brooklyn, New York, but our letter to him came back unclaimed.

Then we enlisted the aid of no one other than Major General John F. O'Ryan, wartime commander of the 27th Division, as we knew of the general's active interest in the 27th Division Association. No J. B. Willard appeared on the active roster of that association. So now we're appealing to the Then and Now Gang in the hope that someone can find Willard or give us his address, so we may return his gas mask case to him. Come on, you New York Division men!

And, along the same line, we give you this letter from M. D. Fowler of Walter R. Craig Post, whose home is at 232 North Avon Street, Rockford, Illinois:





No, these waterdogs weren't gobs but doughboys and leathernecks who composed the Army of Occupation swimming team. The picture was taken in the spring of 1919 in the pool at Neuwied, Germany, conducted by the Y. M. C. A. Do you recognize any old buddies in the team?

"Upon my return from overseas in 1918 I was sent to Camp Grant for discharge. Among the articles I placed on the salvage dump was my mess-kit. On one side of the kit was engraved the Signal Corps device and under it a scroll with my outfit, 108th F. S. Bn., in the scroll. The cover, as I recall, had engraved on it a spread eagle. I am not so sure but believe my rank, M. S. E. (Master Signal Electrician) as well as my name, M. D. Fowler, was on the cover, while on the bottom of the pan were the names of English and French cities I had been in.

"Of course this mess-kit may have been destroyed . . . but it is possible someone may have it and would be willing to return it to me, for after all it means more to me than to any other person. I would certainly appreciate it and value it."

**R**ESERVATIONS for the Legion National Convention in Chicago, September 25th to 28th, are already pouring in to the Chicago Convention Corporation, and among those reservations are many for headquarters for outfits that will hold reunions during that week. The list of reunions is growing rapidly and if you fail to find your outfit listed below and want to see your old gang, you had better get busy and send in your announcement to the Company Clerk in care of this magazine.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

**THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.**—Annual reunion and business meeting. Mrs. Constance G. Strong, chmn., 3332 Home av., Berwyn, Ill.

**NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.**—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. Hq. at Congress Hotel. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago.

**31ST BALLOON CO.**—Reunion in conjunction with Legion and NAACV. Geo. A. Shannon, Mondamin, Iowa, or John C. Eidt, 4317—37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

**WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.**—Natl. Conv. reunion. Vets interested in organizing local Battalions, write Claude J. Harris, dir., organ. comm., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

**AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.**—Convention reunion. Natl. membership campaign. All R. R. vets. of A. E. F. or home camps invited to join. Clyde D. Burton, natl. reunion chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago.

**SOC. OF 1ST DIV. A. E. F.**—Annual national meeting and reunion, Chicago, Sept. 25-28. For details, write Edwin J. Krueger, secy., Ill. Branch, Soc. 1st Div., 4811 N. Seeley av., Chicago.

**2D DIV. ASSOC. A. E. F.**—Natl. reunion banquet, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Geo. V. Gordon, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

**6TH DIV. ASSOC.**—Write for *Sightseer* and details of natl. organization and reunion in Chicago. Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

**26TH DIV.**—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26. Chicago YD Club will open Hq. in a Loop hotel. For details, write Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

**85TH DIV. ASSOC.**—Permanent organization and Chicago reunion. Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee, Wis.

**41ST INF.**—Reunion. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

**48TH & 89TH INF.**—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

**46TH INF., Cos. A, B, C & D**—5th reunion, during Legion convention. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill., or I. G. Gordon Forster, 502 Liberty Trust bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

**4TH I. C. O. T. S., 1st Co., 2d Bn., CAMP PIKE**—Proposed reunion and organization. L. C. Howe, 8944 Bishop st., Chicago.

**BTRY. C, 62D C. A. C. (PRESIDIO)**—Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

**BTRY. C, 67TH C. A. C.; 7TH Co. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 4TH & 45TH PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)**—Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

**BTRIES. C & D, 4TH & 5TH REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR**—Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Ill.

**ARMY ART. PARK, 1ST ARMY**—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago.

**WORLD WAR VETS. C. A. C.**—Reunion. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

**Co. C, 1ST AMM. TRN., 1ST DIV.**—Proposed reunion with 1st Div. Jacob Geo. Wagner, P. O. Box 12, Monterey, Ind.

**Co. E, 4TH AMM. TRN.**—Reunion. Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Vine st., Ottumwa, Iowa.

**BTRY. A, 2D TRENCH MORTAR BN.**—Proposed reunion, Chicago, just before Legion convention. Arthur W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

**14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.**—Natl. reunion. A. G. Grant, chmn., 8018 Evans av., Chicago.

**17TH ENGRS. (Ry.) ASSOC.**—Proposed reunion. Mark W. VanSickel, secy.-treas., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

**23D ENGRS. ASSOC.**—Write H. H. Siddall, secy., 5440 Ridgewood Court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

**35TH ENGRS.**—Reunion of car builders. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

**39TH ENGRS.**—15th annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Tues., Sept. 26. Charles M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago.

**60TH RY. ENGRS. AND AUXILIARY**—8th annual reunion. Hq. will open Sun. morning, Sept. 24. D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

**61ST ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC. (57-58-59 R.T.C.)**—2d reunion. Edward M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 1617 W. Hopkins st., Milwaukee, Wis.

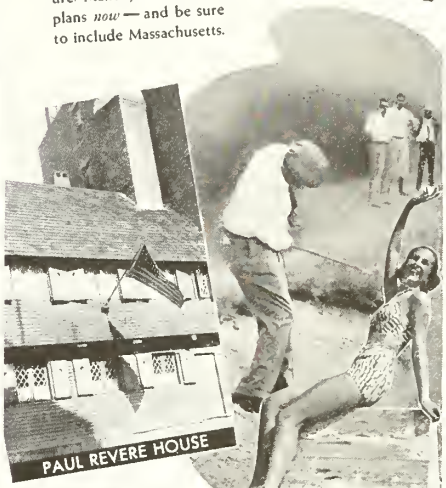
**415TH SIG. CORPS BN. ASSOC.**—Reunion Hq. in Great Northern Hotel, (Continued on page 60)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
February 28, 1939

### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 588,901.97
Notes and accounts receivable	68,376.57
Inventories	75,315.25
Invested funds	1,948,029.77
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	\$201,297.68
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	124,430.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	31,539.92
Deferred charges	24,497.39
	<u>\$3,062,489.52</u>

### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and

### Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 62,519.90
Funds restricted as to use	29,708.02
Deferred revenue	508,342.94
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	201,297.68
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,911,191.62
Unrestricted capital	349,429.36
	<u>\$3,062,489.52</u>

# Between the Crosses

(Continued from page 59)

Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

17TH & 148TH AERO SQRNS.—Reunion. Rodney Williams, Waukesha, Wis., or Harold E. Young, 2912 Field, Detroit, Mich.

150TH AERO SQRN.—Reunion of all Rich Field vets. Wed. Sept. 27. Floyd W. Freeman, 22 Parker av., Cranford, N. J.

174TH AERO SQRN.—Proposed reunion. Write V. E. Fesenmeyer, Riceville, Iowa.

185TH AERO SQRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lakeside, Mich.

277TH AERO SQRN.—Proposed reunion. Harold C. Lockwood, 3906 Douglas rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

380TH & 828TH AERO SQRNS.—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

466TH AERO SQRN.—Proposed reunion. Paul Barlow, St. Joseph, Mich.

SERVICE & AERO CONSTR. SQRNS. VANCOUVER BARRACKS.—Proposed reunion. Wm. N. Edwards, 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

Cos. 346 & 302, M.T.C., CAMP DODGE.—Proposed reunion. Write Fred Bushnell, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.

322D MOTORCYCLE, M.T.C.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

C. & R. BRANCH, O.M.C., CAMP CODY.—Proposed reunion. H. A. Wahlberg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

BASE HOSP. 136.—Annual reunion. Hq. at Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT.—Reunion. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER.—Reunion entire staff. Mrs. Mary Callaway, secy., 566 W. Third st., Dayton, Ohio.

EVAC. HOSP. 14.—3d annual reunion. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

AMB. Co. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion hq. at Sherman Hotel, Chicago. Frank F. Fabian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

MARINES.—Reunion of all ex-Marines, sponsored by Marine Post, A. L., at Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Sun., Sept. 24. For details, vets write to Henry Williams, finance officer, 316 W. 60th st., Chicago.

13TH Co. & 10TH REGT., U.S.M.C.—Proposed reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS.—Proposed reunion of vets of M.I.T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.

NAV. AIR STA., FROMENTINE, FRANCE.—Proposed reunion. F. H. Norrington, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.

M.T.C. 301-302-303 & BASE SPARE PARTS, VERNEUIL.—Reunion. Lynton Bldg., State & Jackson sts., Chicago. Henry Hirsch, 6220 Woodlawn av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Agamemnon*.—Reunion of *Aggie* vets at Naval Reserve Armory, Chicago. Jim Yellig, comdr., Santa Claus (Indiana) Post, or J. P. Hayes, 570 McKinley pkwy., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. DESTROYER *Batch* (No. 50).—Proposed reunion. Send name and address to Irwin E. Harris, Granite Falls, Minn., even if you cannot attend.

U. S. S. *Castine*.—Reunion banquet. W. C. Chapman, 134 Tipton st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. S. *Dirie* & NEWPORT TRNG. STA.—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. *Kanawha*.—Proposed reunion. Homer L. (Sunshine) Dukes, 1933 Axton av., Union, N. J.

U. S. S. *Liberator*.—Proposed reunion. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Manta*.—Reunion. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

219TH M. P. CORPS, 1ST ARMY Hq.—Proposed reunion. Write Andrew Perrier, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

POST OFFICE POSTS.—Proposed organization of all Post Office Legionnaires. Address inquiries to Onni R. Isaacson, secy., Natl. Conv. Comm., Van Buren Post, 7608 S. Peoria st., Chicago.

Stars and Stripes Assoc.—Annual reunion banquet. LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Sun., Sept. 24. Robert Stack, secy., 859 Diversey, Chicago.

SYRACUSE (N.Y.) CAMP BAND ASSOC.—Reunion. Al Pearson, comdr., Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA.—Annual convention, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

VETS. OF POLISH EXTRACTION and all Legionnaires invited to Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L. during convention. Walter Zasadski, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago.

LAST MAN'S CLUBS.—Reunion, Congress Hotel, Chicago. Roy W. Swamborg, secy., 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.

82d DIV. VETS. ASSOC., WESTERN ASSOC.—Proposed reunion. All vets west of Mississippi River, report to Paul W. Tilley, actg. comdr., 1122½ W. 88th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

G. H. Q. ARMIES and ARMY CORPS STAFF and PERSONNEL.—Reunion luncheon and permanent organization. Wm. A. Barr, 1400 N. Gardner st., Hollywood, Calif.

32d AERO SQRN.—Proposed organization and convention reunion. Geo. M. Haag, 152 E. Main st., Bogota, N. J.

U. S. S. *New Jersey*, *Constellation* and *Borer*.—Proposed reunion of vets of crews, also vets of Newport, R. I. show, "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Write to Forrest A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner av., Chicago, Ill.

314TH FIELD SIG. BN.—21st annual reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Sat., Sept. 23. Make reservations early with A. J. Tichy, secy., 2117 S. East av., Berwyn, Ill.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN (F).—Annual reunion and dinner at Worlds Fair Grounds, New York, May 20, which has been designated as Nation's Yeomen F Day. Write Mrs. Ida Sternin Mahler, chmn., 1155 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

2d Div. Assoc., A. E. F.—21st annual reunion, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-22. David McKell, chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.

2d Div. Assoc., A. E. F., NEW YORK BRANCH.—East Coast get-together, Hotel Victoria, New York City, June 15-17. Fri., June 16th, is Second Division Day at N. Y. Worlds Fair. Howard Lalor, gen. chmn., 530 W. 125th st., New York City.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual reunion, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8. For copy *Watch on the Rhine*, write F. S. Ragle, 130 W. 42d st., New York City.

4TH DIV. NATL. ASSOC., EASTERN DIV.—Annual reunion, May 13. 4th Div. visitors to Worlds Fair invited. Howard Smith, secy., 259 W. 14th st., New York City.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., PENN. CHAPTER.—Reunion, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa., May 6. C. Roland Gelatt, secy., 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., Aug. 29. Ben Pollock, secy., 100 Summers st., Boston.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual national reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write E. R. Corbett, 1307 Roslyn av., S. W. Canton, for details and also information about 10th F. A. and 5th F. A. Brig. reunions.

26TH (YD) DIV.—YDVA natl. conv., Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. Write Wallace H. Gladding, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford.

Soc. of 28TH DIV. A. E. F.—Annual convention and reunion, Williamsport, Pa., June 15-17. For roster, report to Walt W. Haugherty, secy., 1333 S. Vodge st., Philadelphia.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Webster City, Iowa, July 23. Lacey Darnell, Webster City.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

## LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WINSOR JOSSELYN, Monterey Peninsula Post, Monterey, California.  
AUBREY B. GRANTHAM, John Parroy Mitchel Post, New York City.  
GENERAL H. H. ARNOLD, Aviators Post, New York City.  
ROGER SHERMAN HOAR, Everhart Van Eimeren Post, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin.  
STEPHEN F. CHADWICK, Seattle (Washington) Post.  
CLIFTON HICKOK, Alameda Post, Alameda, California.  
GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.  
ROBERT GINSBURGH, Black Diamond Post, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.  
GLEN R. HILLIS, James Dearmond Golliday Post, Kokomo, Indiana.  
HAYES KENNEDY, Harwood Post, Joliet, Illinois.  
K. R. BOWEN, William W. Fahey Post, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.  
R. P. BREWER, William W. Fahey Post, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.  
Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.





"That ain't no stump, Grampaw! That's Paw!!!"

77TH DIV. ASSOC. extends facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit New York World's Fair. Information and housing service, etc. Jos. E. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 11-13. For details, write Raymond Taylor, secy., Closter, N. J.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Mark R. Byrne, secy., 113 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH DIV. SOC.—For details of reunion in St. Louis and information about local Chapters, write Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

92D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—All vets invited to join permanent organization. Osie Kelley, pres., 720 E. 50th pl., Chicago, Ill.

5TH U. S. INF.—Proposed reunion and permanent organization of vets of 1915-1920. Co. C take notice. Louis Siegel, 99-25 62d Drive, Forest Hills, N. Y.

60TH INF.—Annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. For *Fifth Div. History*, write Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

104TH U. S. INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Salem, Mass., May 5-6. For details, write Lawrence A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

126TH INF.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

312TH INF.—Reunion dinner, Newark, N. J., Sat., May 20. Write Secy., 312th Inf. Assoc., 620 High st., Newark.

314TH INF.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Raymond A. Cullen, secy., 1829 Cobbs Creek Parkway, Philadelphia.

Co. M, 113TH INF.—Annual reunion at West Hoboken Post, A. L., Union City, N. J., June 17. Edw. H. Braue, 112 Ames, Leonia, N. J.

Co. G, 142D INF.—6th annual reunion, Amarillo, Tex., May 6. Charlie Hoppin, 214 E. 7th st., Amarillo.

M. G. Co., 302D INF.—Reunion, Attleboro, Mass., in May. For details, write James W. McLoughlin, 100 S. Bond st., Pawtucket, R. I.

Hq Co., 316TH INF.—1st reunion, American Legion Home, Catsaqua, Pa., June 10. Write Harold L. Gillespie, 605 Howerton av., Catsaqua.

M. G. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 316TH INF.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Write Paul B. Blocher, Co. Clk., 929 Gist av., Silver Spring, Md., whether or not you attend.

Co. M, 357TH INF.—Annual reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 29-30. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

RICHMOND LIGHT INF. BLUES—150th anniversary celebration, Richmond, Va., May 10. Mills F. Neal, Box 24, Richmond.

3d CORPS SCHOOL—Proposed reunion of men who served as instructors at Fort Plesnoy, later transferred to 2d Corps at Clamecy, to G. H. Q. and Belgian Camp during rifle competitions, July-Aug., 1919. J. E. Gregory, 76 Beaver st., New York City.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Reunion, State Armory, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th rd., Flushing.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 6. O. B. Shelley, secy., Monroe, N. C.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—4th reunion, Rehoboth Beach, Del., in Aug. For details, write Howard D. Jester, historian, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

123D M. G. BN.—15th annual reunion, Quincy, Ill., June 11. Register, whether able to attend or not, with Sam E. Israel, 205 N. 27th st., Quincy.

133D M. G. BN.—Reunion, Marshall, Tex., June 18. Jesse J. Childers, 223 S. Covington st., Hillsboro, Tex.

305TH M. G. BN.—20th annual reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat., May 6, at 7 p.m. Write James Mahoney, chmn., 24 Pine st., Brooklyn, N. Y., for reservations.

342D M. G. BN.—For plans and date of 1939 reunion, write I. O. Hagen, Huron, S. D.

Co. D, 105TH M. G. BN.—Reunion and permanent roster. Write Elmer Wenstrom, 298 Union av., Belleville, N. J.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Sept. 2-4, simultaneously in Detroit, Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and latest issue *Cannoner*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sat., Sept. 9. For details, write Carl Dorsey, reunion secy., 1617 Shenandoah rd., Toledo, or L. B. Fritsch, hq. secy., Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—16th reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 24-25. Write L. J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids.

BRV. D, 80TH F. A., 7TH DIV.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 18. Write Harry Eckloff, 6430 Ridge Drive, Brookmont, Md.

BRV. A, 308TH F. A.—16th reunion, latter part of May. For time and place, write Geo. Hoeffner, 103 Ryerson av., Paterson, N. J.

BRV. E, 310TH F. A.—Proposed reunion, Edwin A. Rosenberg, 106 Canal st., Stapleton, N. Y.

BRV. F, 61ST ARR., C. A. C.—For roster and information about reunions, write to Gibbs C. Hopkins, secy., 1118 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

BTRES. D & E, 64TH C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, in June. For details, write T. E. Watson, 605 Ogden av., Toledo, Ohio.

6TH U. S. CAVALRY—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. Write Orlo W. Allen, 212 Green st., Schenectady, N. Y.

TANK CORPS FOLLIES—Proposed reunion ex-members of A. E. F. east. Wm. A. Kershner, 101 Western av., Towanda, Pa.

12TH ENGRS.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 1-3. John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS. (Ry.)—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., June 16-18. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

11TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Westminster, Boston, Mass., Aug. 27-Sept. 1. For details and copy of *News*, write C. E. Scott, comdr., 54 College av., Medford, Mass.

15TH ENGRS. WIVES & MOTHERS—Annual reunion, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., July 8. Family party. Dinner will be served to all. Beulah E. McGraw, secy., 1700 Renton av., E. Bellevue, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—11th reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ 1st st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Geo. Remple, secy., 2423 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

52D ENGRS., R. T. C.—Reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle.

302D ENGRS.—Dinner and reunion, DeWitt Clinton Hotel, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 9, with N. Y. Legion Conv. Fred. A. Rupp, adjt., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

319TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—6th reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12, with Calif. Legion Conv. Kenneth S. Thomson, secy., 214 Central Bank bldg., Oakland.

F. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 102D ENGRS.—Annual reunion and dedication F Memorial Plaque in Sept. Men knowing of deceased members, write David Fox, 216 Ft. Washington av., New York City.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON & LAKE CHARLES, LA.—20th reunion, Essington, Pa., in May. For date, write S. H. Paul, 540 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP, AIR SERV., (Sqdns. 27-94-95 & 147)—Proposed reunion, New York City, Nov. 11. Write Finley J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Men not receiving squadron paper or reunion notices, write Jos. J. Pierando, 82 Weldon st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

374TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. Jos. A. Brady, 577 N. 26th st., E. St. Louis, Ill.

BAKERY Co. 337—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to L. E. Bancroft (cook), Box 79, Sudbury, Mass.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE CORPS (USAAC)—20th annual Natl. Conv., Hotel McAlpin, New York City, July 13-15, during Worlds Fair. Write Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow st., Philadelphia, Pa., or Hugh King, c/o McGraw-Hill, 330 W. 42d st., New York City.

AMB. Co. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Ill., (Continued on page 62)

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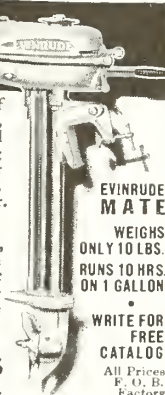
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THE  
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE  
INDEX of  
ADVERTISERS

American Telephone & Telegraph Co..	49
Bauer & Black .....	56
Calvert Distillers Corp.	
Old Drum .....	Cover III
Carter Medicine Co.....	57
College of Swedish Massage.....	63
Doan's Pills.....	63
Dobbs Co. (Toma Tablets).....	60
Evinrude Motors.....	61
Florsheim Shoe Co.....	55
Franklin Institute.....	61
General Electric Co.....	43
Gillette Safety Razor Co.....	39
Hillerich & Bradsby Co.....	55
LaSalle Extension University.....	60
Lewis-Howe Co. Tums.....	63
Liberty Display Fireworks Co.....	58
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	
Chesterfields .....	Cover II
Listerine Shaving Cream.....	54
Lorillard, P. Co.	
Union Leader .....	45
Marlin Firearms Co.....	51
Massachusetts Develop. & Ind. Comm...	59
Mills, E. J.....	63
Muncie Gear Works, Inc.....	51
National Distillers Products Corp.	
Old Overholt.....	3
Nurito Company.....	51
O'Brien, C. A. & H. Berman.....	55
Page, E. R. Co.....	61
Polident .....	41
Premier Pabst Sales Co.....	47
Rain & Hail Insurance Bureau.....	55
Remington Arms Co., Inc.....	53
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	
Camels .....	Cover IV
Prince Albert.....	37
Sani-Flush .....	58
Savage Arms Corp.....	57
Schiffmann, R. Co.....	60
Scott Appliance Co.....	58
Superior Match Pants Co.....	51
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.....	63
Weezel Bait Co.....	61
Yello-Bole Pipes.....	53

## Between the Crosses

(Continued from page 61)

Berg, secretary, 5017 Winona street, Chicago.  
ETRETAT REUNION—BASE HOSP. No. 2 (Presbyterian Unit)—Reunion-dinner, Collingwood Hotel, New York City, May 13, 7 p. m. Henry Bleyer, Sterling Natl. Bank, 1410 Broadway, New York City.

MED. SUPPLY DEPOT, CAMP DIX—Proposed reunion, Delaware Water Gap, Pa., in Aug. For details, write Clarence T. Shaw, c/o Scranton Times, Scranton, Pa.

557TH MOTOR TRUCK CO., 306TH PROV. REGT. (CAMP HOLABIRD & NORFOLK ARMY BASE)—Proposed reunion, Art Nicholl, 5511 Monmouth av., Ventnor City, N. J.

305TH BRIG., TANK CORPS—Reunion. Write Matt A. Lynch, 4666 Penn st., Philadelphia, Pa.

101ST SAN. TRN.—Reunion, Hartford, Conn., June 24, with YD Conv. John J. Goss, Box 1776, Hartford.

73D CO., 6TH REGT., USMC—In order to correct roster for reunion notices, send name and address to Wm. S. Billmyer, 2307 5th st., Moline, Ill.

U. S. S. *Canandaigua* (Aline-layer)—Proposed reunion in June. Write John Weller Wood, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. U. S. S. *Connecticut* VETS.—3d reunion, New York City area, Sept. 2. Write Fayette N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

CORNINGTON ASSOCIATES—Vets of U. S. S. *Cornington* who are not advised of permanent organization, write to Louis S. LaVena, 503a Washington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. *Emeline*—Proposed reunion. H. W. Rose, 200 Madison av., New York City.

U. S. S. *Sierra*—Proposed organization. Ira Maier, 375 Riverside Dr., New York City.

U. S. S. *Venetia*—All ex-crew members interested in reunion in San Francisco, Calif., in Sept., write to R. C. Rickell, 805 W. Division st., Grand Island, Nebr.

U. S. SUB-CHASER 212—Proposed reunion in Philadelphia or New York in Sept. Write B. J. Carroll, 17 Garthwaite Terr., Maplewood, N. J.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—3d annual reunion, Eastern Dept., at Philadelphia, Pa., May 27. Write Aaron Scher, adjt., 916 Faile st., Bronx, N. Y.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion, Hollywood, Calif., June 18. Write W. M. Crandall, adjt. 920 Chester-Williams bldg., Los Angeles.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Proposed reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12-16, during Calif. Legion Conv. Write Dave Refatti, 78 Tara st., San Francisco.

VETS. OF PARIS (FRANCE) POST—Reunion-dinner of past and present members of Paris Post, A. L., at Hotel Paris, 97th st. & West End av., New York City, 2d Monday of each month. Jack E. Specter, Hotel Paris, New York City.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS OF AMERICA—Field clerks of Army, Q. M. and Marine Corps invited to join. W. J. Mueller, secy.-treas., 3532 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

NAVY CLUB OF THE U. S. A.—2d natl. convention, Marion, Ohio, June 23-24. Membership open to all who served honorably or are now serving in U. S. Navy, Marine Corps, Naval Reserve or Coast Guard. Write Navy Club Conv. Committee, c/o Chamber of Commerce, Marion.

332D F. A. BAND—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 3. History of regiment available to all vets at fifteen cents. Geo. E. Kaplanek, 1023 N. Laverne av., Chicago.

SOC. OF 307TH INF.—Annual memorial services, Memorial Grove, Central Park, New York City, Sun., May 21, 2 p. m. Russell S. Golde, chmn., 1391 Sixth av., New York City.

SUBCHASERS 342-343-344-345-346—Reunion and dinner, Hotel Philadelphia, 39th & Chestnut sts., Philadelphia, May 12. Write to Walter "Buck" Fulmer, 3403 Friendship st., Philadelphia, Pa.

310ST INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—Reunion, Boston, Mass., May 11-13. Military ball, Ritz Plaza Hotel, 218 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., May 12. F. J. Wilhauck, secy., 36 Field st., Roxbury, Mass.

Co. H, 301ST INF.—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Minerva, 214 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., May 12. C. L. Peterson, chmn.

DEBARCATION HOSP. No. 1, ELLIS ISLAND, N. Y.—Proposed organization and 1939 reunion. Wm. M. Purcell, 132-37 83d st., Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

342D REMOUNT SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Harry C. Campbell, 619 Wallace av., Bowling Green, Ohio.

OHIO RAINBOW DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, New Secor Hotel, Toledo, June 9-10. For details, write Irvin C. (Jack) Henry, secy., 131 N. Main st., Marysville, Ohio.

TROOP I, 1ST CAV., N.G.P., and Hq. TROOP, 28TH DIV.—Reunion at Post 44 (Oakhall), The American Legion, Northumberland, Pa., Sat., July 22. Write D. R. McKinney, Sunbury, Pa., for details and roster.

WE APPEND a few additional notices of reunions that reached us just as we were going to press. In this connection, attention is again called to the fact that in order for us to render service to veterans organizations, announcements of reunions must be received in this office at least five weeks prior to the month in which the reunion is to be held. Details obtainable from the men listed:

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner, Chicago, Ill., in conjunction with the Legion National Convention, Sept. 25-28. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH DIV. SOC.—Vets in Chicago area interested in organizing local chapter, write to Rudolph Lurie, 5305 W. 23d st., Cicero, Ill., or Freeman Knight, Hyde Park Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

110TH M. G. Co. ASSOC., 28TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Elks Club, Beaver Falls, Pa., May 5-6. J. Howard Porter, secy., R. 1, Beaver Falls.

301ST F. A., 76TH DIV.—Reception and banquet to be tendered His Excellency, Governor Saltonstall (ex-1st Lt., Btry. E), at Hotel Westminster, Copley Square, Boston, Mass., May 25. For reservations, write Harry M. Lewin, chmn., 53 State st., Boston, Mass.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## Front and Center

(Continued from page 39)

history, also economics and special courses to cover the needs of the Department of Interior and Commerce. Such a college would furnish material for cabinet officers selected by the President and the whole tone of our Government would be improved. Within the course of thirty to thirty-five years, Europe would have statesmen to contend with.—W. D. BERTINI, *Wallingford, Connecticut*.

### "PAID FOR IN FRANCE"

To the Editor: While in the Chelsea Naval Hospital recently I received a letter worthy of being spread far and wide. The non-personal portion I copy and enclose. These are now so rare that one like this deserves special mention. After twenty years "dead horses" are not so popular as they might be.

That is what makes this letter such a

pleasant and heartening change for veterans. Incidentally, the place is Worcester, Massachusetts, and the source of the letter is the Swan Printing Company of that city.

Their first letter read: "We are worried to hear that you have been ill. Please don't worry about the printing bill. If you can take care of it without too much sacrifice, why then you can pay it. If things don't brighten up, we'll understand how things are. I know you will always do your best."

Three months after the above, just before last Christmas, came the following: "While we were snug here you were 'over there.' Just for the sake of Christmas we are enclosing your bill with Christmas annotation."

The "annotation" on the bill of fourteen dollars was, "Paid for in France."—EUGENE B. SMITH, *Chaplain, A. E. F.*



and Reserve, The Harding Farm, Brunswick, Maine.

## POLICEMEN AND OTHERS

To the Editor: Our spoils system is about to spoil us all! I almost feel like taking up the fight for democracy again. Somebody is sure going to have to do it if we are not all going to the Bow-Wows!

When we elect a man to public office, we immediately see all his kinspeople in the third and fourth generation, and all his in-laws put on the pay rolls. This is done without any consideration of their fitness, or with any thought for anybody else. How can the public confidence be built up under these circumstances?

The most important persons in our local communities are the town policemen. Their appointment, for the most part, is for some special favor rendered or about to be rendered. These "guardians of our civil liberties" are sometimes the nation's public enemy number one. Some of them trump up reasons for bringing people before a justice of the peace.

Recently, I had the misfortune to run out of gasoline on one of our highways, and many local cars ran by. But, finally a New York car stopped and I was face to face with the District Attorney for Kings County, New York, and he gave me the two gallons of gas which he carried as a spare supply, and he would not take a cent. Well, I was so astounded that I wrote to his people back home to tell them about it. I had found a District Attorney with love in his heart for his fellows.

In this same connection, I should like to offer a word of praise for our policemen in Washington, D. C. I have never been so kindly treated by the police anywhere as I have been in that city. Therefore, you can see from the above that when and if praise is due, I like to offer that praise. I much prefer to offer praise than blame,

since it is so much nicer and easier.—  
PAUL G. CROUSE, Post No. 6, Deland, Florida.

## FOR A NEW CERTIFICATE

To the Editor: I became a member of The American Legion in 1919 but later dropped out and did not again become a member until 1930. I have not been without a card since, however, and hope to die a member of the greatest organization of World War veterans in the world.

For the past ten years I have done no work, consequently have been in position to give of my time without reservation and price to the service of the disabled. Prior to my discharge from the service, I often thought of the matter of a discharge certificate for passing down to posterity but also suitable for display in the home or office of the holder. I have given the question much thought. The average ex-service man thought very little of anything pertaining to the service up to a short time ago. As the years pass, though, everyone will treasure every memento of his service.

I find that very few of the ex-service men whom I assist have their original discharges. Some have copies. Whether the discharge is original or a copy it is generally worn out. I understand fully that no such piece of legislation as I have in mind could receive any consideration without the endorsement of our great organization. I understand just what it would take to have such even considered by the organization. I would like to have some of my comrades speak through your magazine upon the subject. Let's hear comments both pro and con.

My idea is to ask the Government to furnish every veteran with a discharge which is printed only on one side. The paper would be of the best grade and approximately sixteen inches long and eighteen inches wide.—JOHN L. FRAZER, Greenville, Alabama.

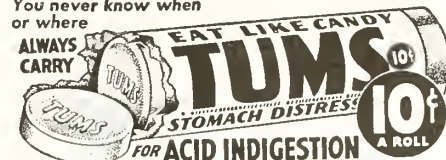


"Some day I'm goin' to have that filled in so my legs won't drag on the ground."

## Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion

**YES—TUMS** a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and burning caused by excess acid. For **TUMS** work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. **TUMS** are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion **TUMS** already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try **TUMS** today. Only 10c for 12 **TUMS** at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today.

You never know when or where



**Tums** are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—  
**Nature's Remedy**  
This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

**Thompson**  
**BEATS**  
**the World**  
**on BOATS**



**Better Built—Lower Prices**

Canoes, Rowboats, Outboard Motor Boats, Olympic, Snipe, Comet and Sea Gull Sail Boats

**CATALOG FREE**  
Save Money—Prompt Shipment—Two Factories.

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216 PESHTIGO, WIS. 116 Elm St. CORTLAND, N. Y.  
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**AGENTS UP TO \$32.50 IN A WEEK**

Big cash profits for you; full or spare time. Over 250 household necessities—things people must buy. Proven fast sellers; steady repeaters. No experience needed. Earnings start very first day with Complete Display Outfit and my proven money-making Plan. Ford Tudor Sedans given producers as bonus. Big, reliable, old-established company. Full particulars mailed free. Just send postcard.



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## Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

**THE College of Swedish Massage**  
30 E. Adams St., Dpt. S75, Chicago  
(Incorporated in National College of Massage)

## HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

**Caused by Tired Kidneys**

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

COMRADE Frank F. Shannon of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, tells about being perched at the bar on a boat returning from a South American cruise. At his left were two passengers, who had reached a super-talkative stage, and were swapping stories of their exploits in the World War. One claimed to have been a major, and the other said *he* was a captain, but both were vague about just what outfits they served with.

Finally the "captain" turned to Frank and asked:

"Were you in the Army, Jack?"

Frank admitted he had been.

"What rank?"

"Buck private."

At this a man who had been out of the conversation, but perched on an adjoining stool, jumped down and said to Frank:

"I want to shake your hand. You seem to have been the only private in the United States Army!"

REV. Paul W. Johnston, of Princeton, N. J., tells about a young clerk being called to the front office.

"Of all my clerks, Freeman," began the boss, "I notice you seem to be most interested in your work. No hours seem too long for you and you never let the slightest detail escape you."

"Yes, sir?" said Freeman with glowing and expectant satisfaction.

"Yes," continued the boss, "and so I am forced to fire you. It is such young men as you who learn here and then go out and start a rival business."

PAST Commander Frederick W. Spatz, of Boyertown, Pa., sends in one about a disreputable-looking man reeling through the door of a state liquor store. One cheek was swollen with chawin' and eatin' tobacco as he approached the counter.

"Gimme a pint o' yer cheapest gin—an' make it snappy!" he commanded, and almost fell down.

The ever cautious clerk, on guard against selling inebriates, asked: "Are you tight?"

"Hell, no!" replied the other. "That's all I can afford."

COMRADE Morgan D. Roderick, of New York City, sends us the one about a group of ball players razzing an opposing batsman. The umpire ran over to the bench and shouted:

"Cut out them personalities; cut out them personalities!"

From the grandstand a high pitched voice cried:

"Cut out them grammar!"

ACCORDING to Legionnaire W. R. Becker, of Miami, Florida, a drunk jostled a passenger on a crowded bus.



"If I knew which end was the windshield I'd put a ticket on it!"

"Why don't you be more careful?" the passenger demanded.

"Did you see me when I got on ish bus?" asked the drunk.

"I did."

"Jever see me 'fore in your life?"

"I don't think so."

"Jever hear anybody call me by my own namesh?"

"No."

"Jever hear anybody shay anything about me?"

"I have not."

"Then, how in the hell did you know it was me?"

IN A Dellslow, West Virginia, road-house hangs the following sign:

Don't swear before ladies  
Let them swear first!

A BEAUTIFUL but slightly dumb girl had parked her car in front of a fire hydrant, according to Bill Langfitt, of Pittsburgh. A cop approached and said: "Don't you know you're not supposed to park in front of a fire plug?"

"Now, don't kid me, officer," replied the girl. "I've seen firemen park their trucks here lots of times."

LEGIONNAIRE R. A. Burdsall sends this one from Jasonville, Indiana.

An elderly man put a dime on the Salvation Army drum, then asked the girl in charge:

"What do you do with this money?"

"Give it to the Lord."

"How old are you, young lady?"

"Nineteen."

"I'm eighty-seven," said the man as he recovered his dime from the drum. "You don't need to bother; I'll more likely see the Lord before you do."

ROY NIJAL of Chicago tells one about a merchant who advertised in his local paper for a clerk. One line of the copy read: "Must be able to bear confinement." Among the letters of application was one in which the writer recited his many qualifications, and said in conclusion: "And I'm well experienced in confinement, as I have just served seven years in jail."

AND Jack Downey of Chicago tells about an executive of a big advertising agency who wanted to hire a well known high-pressure publicity man.

"Come along with me and I'll make you a millionaire," he pleaded.

"I don't want to be a millionaire."

"No?"

"No; I just want to live like one."

TWO men had traveled for six hours in the same compartment of a European train without talking. Finally:

"Lovely day, isn't it?" said one.

"Well," growled the other, "who said it wasn't?"



**THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.  
OLD DRUM IS "TOPS" TODAY!**



When you hear VINCENT LOPEZ and his famous orchestra, you'll thrill to that danceable tempo set by the star drumming of Johnny Morris. For his swingful licks, Johnny is awarded the honorary miniature Gold Drum for this month.



**IT'S EXTRA MELLOW—  
AND PRICED  
RIGHT, FELLOW!**

And Old Drum's low price would delight any Mess Sgt. . . . yet the quality of this blend is always the best! Old Drum's just what you'll want the next time you entertain a few buddies—Inexpensive but excellent!



**I'M FOR THIS BRAND—  
ITS TASTE IS GRAND!**

If you want the smoothest, mellowest whiskey you can buy, look for—OLD DRUM! Because this grand brand is blended with super craftsmanship, it's the last word in whiskey excellence. Buy your bottle today!



**TRY OLD DRUM  
DISTILLED DRY GIN**

For a marvelous Martini,  
a smoother Tom Collins  
or Gin Rickey.

**FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY—  
AND PRICE, YOU  
CAN'T BEAT IT!**

**OLD DRUM**  
**BRAND** • *Blended Whiskey*



OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF. COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

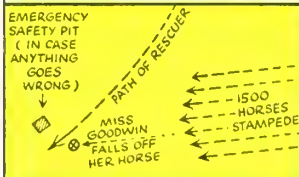




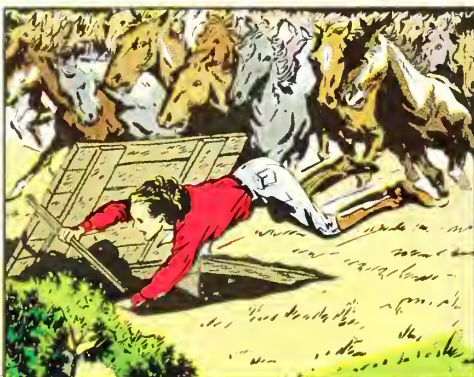
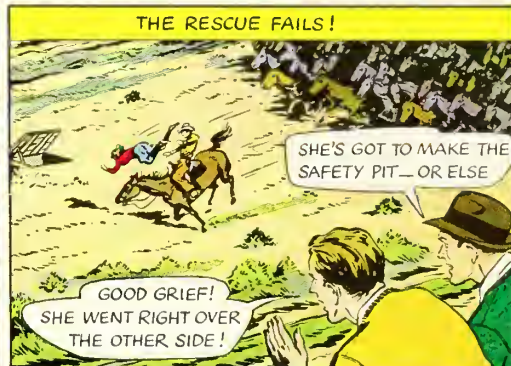
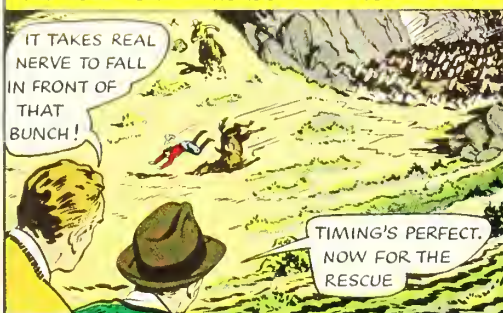
# A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves **REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!**

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN



"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



## COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC



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R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES